SUPERMAN

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A SUPERMAN DC PUBLICATION IND

ACTION COMICS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

SUPERMAN

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by JERRY SIEGEL and JOE SHUSTER

HAVE YOU BEEN WORRIED ABOUT WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN THE MIGHTY **SUPERMAN** IS NO MORE, AND VILLAINOUS LAUGHTER ECHOES THROUGH THE RATHOLES OF THE UNDERWORLD, AND MEN OF EVIL SPIN THEIR SCURRILOUS SCHEMES IN THE SECURE KNOWLEDGE THAT THEIR ARCH-ENEMY CANNOT BRING THEM TO GRIEF?.. THEN YOU'VE ONLY BEEN WASTING TIME AND BORROWING TROUBLE--- FOR HERE IS AN AMAZING STORY THAT SEEMS TO PROVE BEYOND ANY QUESTION THAT, AS LONG AS THE WORLD LOVES HIGH ADVENTURE AND DEEDS OF DARING--

"THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A SUPERMAN!"

THE YEAR IS 2143; THE PLACE, A MODEST BUT MODERN FISHING VILLAGE ON THE ATLANTIC COAST...

FOLLOWING THEIR ANCIENT CALLING WITH UP-TO-THE-MINUTE EQUIPMENT, FISHERMEN CAST AND DRAW IN THEIR NETS . . .

AND IN A HUMBLE COTTAGE, ONE WHOSE DAYS OF ACTIVITY ARE OVER, SITS BY HIS TWENTY-SECOND CENTURY FIRESIDE AND RECALLS EVENTS LONG PAST . . .

FROM READING MY GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S DIARY, I JUDGE THE ADVENTURE OF DORNLEY DEEP MUST HAVE BEEN POWERFUL EXCITING!

LET ME ASSURE YOU, CAP'N STORME, IT WAS!

NOR ARE OLD MEN THE ONLY ONES WHO LOVE TO LOOK BACKWARD... FOR CHILDREN HAVE ALWAYS BEEN FASCINATED BY STIRRING TALES OF BYGONE TIMES...

GRANDPA, YOU PROMISED TO TELL US ANOTHER STORY THIS AFTERNOON!

A STORY ABOUT SUPERMAN! REMEMBER?

EH?.. TO BE SURE! I DID HAVE A TALL TALE IN MIND!

I'LL SPIN YE A TRUE YARN O' SUPERMAN, IN THE DAYS WHEN HE BATTLED CRIME TO A STANDSTILL RIGHT IN THESE PARTS!

CRIME? WHAT'S THAT, CAP'N STORME?

YE'RE LUCKY, NOT KNOWING! CRIME WAS AN INVENTION O' EVIL, GREEDY MEN, LAD-- MEN WHO THOUGHT THEY COULD GET RICH BY THEFT AND MURDER!

HOW AWFUL!

BUT SUPERMAN PUT A STOP TO IT, DIDN'T HE?

AYE, THAT HE DID, ALICE! AND NO BETTER EXAMPLE COMES TO MY MIND THAN WHAT HAPPENED RIGHT HERE IN THIS VILLAGE ONCE UPON A TIME, WHEN THERE WAS STILL A DARK MYSTERY ABOUT DORNLEY DEEP!

A STORY ABOUT DORNLEY DEEP! OH, BOY!

WE'LL PRETEND WE'RE BACK IN 1943, AND THE 'FREE PEOPLE O' THE WORLD ARE BUSY WINNING THE LAST GREAT WAR, SO THAT ALL MAY HAVE LIBERTY! ENEMY SUBMARINES ARE SKULKING ABOUT, BLOWING UP HONEST MEN'S SHIPS...

"... SO MY GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER, CAP'N ZEB STORME, ISN'T TOO SURPRISED WHEN A DRIFTING LIFEBOAT IS SIGHTED FROM HIS FISHING SCHOONER, THE **ALBATROSS**..."

A LIFEBOAT WITH A DISTRESS SIGNAL, CAP'N -- AND THERE'S SOMEONE IN HER!

A SURVIVOR O' A COWARDLY SUBMARINE SINKING, NO DOUBT!

"CAP'N ZEB HAS A YOUNG LADY PASSENGER ABOARD--- A NEWSPAPER REPORTER NAMED LOIS LANE, WHO IS WRITING SOME ARTICLES ABOUT THE FISHING FLEET..."

HELM ABOUT! PREPARE TO PICK UP LIFEBOAT OFF STA'BOARD BOW!

A RESCUE AT SEA! CLARK KENT WILL TURN SEA-GREEN WITH ENVY WHEN HE HEARS WHAT HE MISSED!

"BUT WHEN THE LIFEBOAT COMES ALONGSIDE..."

KAMERAD!

A NAZI SUBMARINE OFFICER! I'VE NO LOVE FOR THE MURDERING SCUM---BUT WE'LL DO WHAT WE CAN FOR HIM!

WHAT A STORY FOR THE DAILY PLANET!

"ACCORDING TO THE HISTORY BOOKS, THE CRIMINALS WHO CALLED THEMSELVES NAZIS WEREN'T TO BE TRUSTED--- AND THIS ONE IS NO EXCEPTION!"

ACHTUNG, FOOLS! I HAFF TRAPPED YOU!

DOUSE MY DEADLIGHTS-- HE'S NOT AS WEAK AS HE PRETENDED TO BE!

WHY, YE SLIMY BILGE RAT--.

VUN FALSE MOVE, UND DER YOUNG **FRAULEIN** DIES FIRST! CAPTAIN, ORDER YOUR HELMSMAN TO STEER AS I DIRECT!

DON'T MIND ME, MEN! IF ALL OF YOU RUSH HIM TOGETHER--

EASY, LASS! NO USE SPILLING BLOOD TILL IT'S NEEDFUL!

HERE ISS DER SPOT! LAY TO! VE SAIL NO FARTHER!

GIVE ME A HAND WITH THE MAINS'L, MATEY!

BELAY ME-- WE'RE SQUARE OVER DORNLEY DEEP WHERE NO SOUNDING LINE HAS EVER FOUND THE BOTTOM O' THE SEA!

" SUDDENLY A TERRIFIC SHOCK RUNS THROUGH THE SHIP..."

SOMETHING'S RAMMED US! WE'RE WRECKED!

WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S GRABBED OUR KEEL AND IS PULLING US DOWN.

HA, HA! **SCHWEIN**... YOU SHALL HAFF THE HIGH HONOR OF SERVING **DER FUEHRER** -- AT DER BOTTOM OF DER SEA!

"IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE SHE IS DRAWN BENEATH THE SURFACE..."

A SCOOP THAT WOULD STARTLE THE WORLD--AND I PROBABLY WON'T LIVE TO WRITE IT!

HOW STUPID THESE AMERICANS APPEAR WHEN FACED WITH THE GENIUS OF THE MASTER RACE!

" SEA MONSTERS SEIZE THE FLOUNDERING CREW MEMBERS AND DRAG THEM UNDER--HUMAN SEA MONSTERS!"

IT'S GOT ME!

THE FIENDS! THEY'RE NOT GOING TO GIVE US A CHANCE!

"CAP'N ZEB DOES HIS LEVEL BEST TO SAVE LOIS, BUT..."

I'LL HELP YE, MA'AM.... AAA..A-A-A..

HELP!

"IF A HATCH COVER FROM THE SUNKEN SHIP HADN'T RISEN JUST THEN, YE WOULDN'T BE HEARIN' THIS TALE NOW!"

HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE!.. (GLUG)

"HOURS LATER..."

IT'S CAP'N ZEB STORME! THE **ALBATROSS** MUST BE LOST!

THE **ALBATROSS**! THE SCHOONER LOIS WENT ABOARD THIS MORNING!

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" SOME OF ZEB'S FRIENDS HAD THEIR DOUBTS ABOUT THE DETAILS OF HIS STORY--- BUT NOT CLARK KENT, LOIS' FRIEND AND FELLOW REPORTER..."

NOT A SOUL SAVED BUT ME! THAT'S THEIR THANKS FOR OUR TRYING TO SAVE A MAN'S LIFE!

HIS MIND MUST BE AFFECTED...THINGS LIKE HE'S TELLIN', ABOUT JUST DON'T HAPPEN!

"--LOIS DROWNED...AND SOMEHOW I BELIEVE ZEB IS TELLING THE TRUTH ABOUT HOW IT HAPPENED!--"

IT SEEMS LOIS SOMETIMES SUSPECTED THAT THE MEEK CLARK KENT WAS REALLY **SUPERMAN**; ALTHOUGH NO DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE WAS EVER FOUND TO PROVE IT. HOWEVER...

NOBODY EVER REALLY KNEW, HUH?

"ONE MINUTE KENT IS ABOUT THE SADDEST YOUNG MAN YOU EVER SAW..."

LOIS DROWNED! AND TO THINK I TOLD HER I WAS SUBJECT TO SEASICKNESS, JUST TO GET OUT OF BEING COOPED UP ON A SHIP...

"... AND THE NEXT, THE VILLAGE FORGETS ALL ABOUT HIM AS SOMEBODY A LOT MORE EXCITING FLASHES OUT OF NOWHERE!"

YOU PEOPLE SEEM WORRIED! CAN I BE OF ASSISTANCE?

SUPERMAN!... YE MIGHT HAVE BEEN-- BUT IT'S TOO LATE NOW!

... AND THAT'S EXACTLY HOW IT HAPPENED! MISS LANE AND MY CREW AND THE NAZI ARE AT THE BOTTOM O' DORNLEY DEEP!

PERHAPS NOT! NAZI OFFICERS OF THAT TYPE DON'T COMMIT SUICIDE VERY OFTEN--- UNFORTUNATELY!

SO WE'LL JUST TAKE A LOOK AROUND-- AND SINCE YOU KNOW THESE WATERS BETTER THAN I, YOU CAN SHOW ME WHERE THE **ALBATROSS** WENT DOWN!

LUFF MY TOPS'LS --- WHAT CAN WE DO AGAINST DEPTHS THAT EVEN OUR LONGEST SOUNDING LINES CAN'T FATHOM?

"SUPERMAN'S AMAZING X-RAY VISION PLUMBS THE BLACK DEPTHS, AND SPIES..."

'TWAS RIGHT ABOUT HERE IT HAPPENED!

"---HMM... THERE'S THE SHIP, AND THE MECHANICAL CLAWS THAT DRAGGED HER UNDER, AND AN AIRTIGHT CHAMBER!--"

"MAYBE **HE** WON'T DROWN -- BUT HOW ABOUT ME ?!"

-- NO TIME TO PUT HIM ASHORE... HERE'S HOPING THERE'S AIR IN THAT DIVING BELL..."

"AND SURE ENOUGH -- THERE, FATHOMS DOWN IN THE DARK SEA, IS THE FIENDISHLY CUNNING MACHINERY OF THE NAZIS' TRAP FOR SAILORMEN!"

BELAY ME -- SO THIS IS THE SOURCE O' THE TROUBLE! THAT "SHIPWRECKED" NAZI WAS ONLY A DECOY!

THOSE MEN IN DIVING SUITS BROUGHT HIM HERE SAFELY, AS WELL AS YOUR SAILORS' AND MISS LANE! MY HUNCH IS THAT WE'LL FIND THEM BEYOND THAT STEEL DOOR...

AND SINCE WE HAVEN'T A KEY, AND DON'T FEEL LIKE KNOCKING, WE'LL SEE IF A LITTLE PULL WON'T HELP!

A TUNNEL THROUGH A SUBMARINE CLIFF! AND FARTHER ALONG IT, LIGHTED CAVERNS!

"HAPPILY, LOIS AND THE CREW OF THE ALBATROSS ARE ALIVE -- ALTHOUGH THEY DON'T FEEL HAPPY ABOUT IT..."

STUPID **SCHWEIN**, TO RESCUE AN ENEMY! IT IS A SAMPLE OF THE WEAK SENTIMENTALITY OF DECADENT DEMOCRACIES! NOW YOU ARE AT THE MERCY OF ME -- ADMIRAL VON STORFF!

HERE IN CAVERNS VE HAFF DISCOVERED, YOU SHALL LABOR FOR **DER FUEHRER!** YOU SHALL BLAST OUDT REPAIR SHOPS FOR SUBMARINES, UND STOREROOMS FOR EXPLOSIVES TO BE USED ON LAND BY SABOTEURS!

YOU SHALL ALSO ENLARGE LAND EXITS FROM THE CAVES, SO THAT PLANES, BROUGHT BY OUR U-BOATS, CAN GO FORTH BY NIGHT TO BOMB YOUR CITIES! THEN AMERICA WILL TASTE THE FULL FLAVOR OF THE NAZI TERROR!

YOU'VE FORGOTTEN ONE THING! WE'RE ALL AMERICANS -- AND WE'LL DIE BEFORE WE'LL WORK AGAINST OUR COUNTRY!

SHOOT HER! THESE SOFT-HANDED FEMALES ARE NOT CAPABLE OF HARD WORK, ANYWAY!

JA, JA, MEIN ADMIRAL!

"ABRUPTLY, A CHALLENGING CRY RINGS THROUGH THE VAULTED PASSAGES . . ."

THIS IS THE END OF THE TRAIL FOR YOU HITLER-HEILERS!

SUPERMAN! WE'RE SAVED!

ACH, HIMMEL! VE ARE LOST!

BAH! VE NAZIS ARE DER *REAL* SUPERMEN! I THROW DER LEVER--SO-- UND A PLATE-GLASS DOOR SHUTS OUDT DER FOOL-- UND DER OCEAN COMES DOWN TO SVALLOW HIM!

YOU'RE UNDERESTIMATING SUPERMAN-- I HOPE!

"AS A VALVE IN THE OCEAN FLOOR IS OPENED, A RAGING TORRENT, SWEEPING MASSES OF ROCK BEFORE IT, ROARS DOWN UPON THE ATTACKERS!"

WE'RE CAUGHT LIKE RATS IN A TRAP!

GRAB MY BELT AND I'LL PROVE HOW WRONG YOU ARE!

"...OUR ONLY ESCAPE IS THROUGH THE PLATE GLASS--BUT IF I SMASH IT, THE WATER WILL FLOOD THROUGH AND DROWN LOIS AND THE OTHERS! UNLESS I CAN PROVE A SCIENTIFIC THEORY THAT HAS NEVER YET BEEN TESTED---")

"INCREASING HIS SPEED BEYOND ALL KNOWN LIMITS, **SUPERMAN** PERFORMS A SCIENTIFIC MIRACLE! SO SWIFTLY IS THE GLASS PENETRATED THAT ITS MOLECULAR STRUCTURE IS UNDISTURBED, AND EVEN AFTER TWO MEN HAVE PASSED THROUGH, IT REMAINS INTACT!"

"THE NEXT INSTANT.."

ACH--HE ISS INSIDE! BUT HOW?

VOT VILL IT MATTER, YUNCE I HAFF BLOWN HIM TO BITS!

I'M AFRAID YOU'RE GOING TO FIND ME DISAPPOINTING, ADMIRAL!

THIS WILL KEEP THE FRAGMENTS FROM FLYING AROUND AND HURTING PEOPLE!

MIT BARE HANDS! HE ISS NOT HUMAN!

HOW WOULD YOU APES KNOW WHAT'S HUMAN AND WHAT ISN'T?

BLOW THE SWABS DOWN, MATEY!

THIS ISS A CASE VERE I MUST USE ALL MINE, GENIUS!

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"THE MOST COWARDLY OF ALL DEVICES IS INVOKED BY VON STORFF..."

YOU MAY BE INDESTRUCTIBLE -- BUT DER **FRAULEIN** DIES IF I YOU MAKE VUN MOVE.

YOU KNOW I'D RATHER DIE THAN HAVE HIM WIN, **SUPERMAN!**

YOU SCAVENGER SHARK! WHAT'S YOUR PROPOSITION?

GIF ME FIFE MINUTES' START--UND TO MAKE SURE YOU PLAY FAIR, I TAKE DER LADY MIT ME.

VERY WELL-- FIVE MINUTES! BUT IF ANY HARM COMES TO HER, YOU'LL REGRET IT TO THE END OF YOUR DAYS!

OH, WHY DO I ALWAYS HAVE TO MAKE THINGS MORE DIFFICULT FOR HIM?

"WHEN THE TREACHEROUS NAZI HAS REACHED ANOTHER SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBER..."

HA, HA, HA! LIDDLE DOES DER **DUMKOPF** KNOW DOT HE ISS STANDING BENEATH A CHARGE OF **TNT**, SET TO COLLAPSE DER CEILING OF DER CAVE TO MAKE A U-BOAT REPAIR SHOP!

YOU FIEND! IF YOU TOUCH THAT SWITCH--

IN CHUST A SECOND, HE UND ALL DER FISHERMEN VILL BE CRUSHED! VE CAN DECOY ODDER SHIPS UND REPLACE DER SLAVES-- BUT **SUPERMAN** VE CAN DO MITOUDT!

IT WILL BE A HAPPY DAY WHEN THE WORLD CAN DO WITHOUT **YOU!**

"THE RENDING SHOCK OF A BLAST STAGGERS THOSE LEFT BEHIND..."

AN EXPLOSION!

THE CEILING'S COMING DOWN!

TIME FOR YOU BOYS TO LEAVE!

"SUPERMAN'S MIGHTY SHOULDERS BEAR THE WEIGHT OF THOUSANDS OF TONS OF ROCK, AND THE TERRIFIC PRESSURE OF THE OCEAN ABOVE IT..."

THIS WAY, LADS!

HURRY! THE WHOLE THING WILL COLLAPSE IN A MOMENT!

"...BUT AS THE LAST OF THE FISHERMEN ESCAPES..."

"--OH, OH-- MY PLATFORM COULDN'T TAKE IT! LOOKS AS IF I'M TO BE BURIED AHEAD OF TIME!--"

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"...BUT AS THE LAST OF THE FISHERMEN ESCAPES..."

"--OH, OH-- MY PLATFORM COULDN'T TAKE IT! LOOKS AS IF I'M TO BE BURIED AHEAD OF TIME!..."

" A TRIBUTE OF HONEST GRIEF..."

THERE'S NO ESCAPE FOR HIM, CAP'N ZEB! IT'S THE END O' **SUPERMAN!**

AYE--THE END O' THE BRAVEST MAN THAT EVER STOOD ON TWO LEGS! HE GAVE HIS LIFE TO SAVE US--AND SCUTTLE ME IF I DON'T WISH HE HADN'T!

"... SWIFTLY CHANGES TO RECKLESS FURY."

BUT WE'LL MAKE THE MURDERIN' SCUM PAY FOR IT LADS! WE'LL START WITH VON STORFF--AND FINISH WITH HITLER HIMSELF!

DOWN WITH THE NAZIS! GET THE KILLERS!

HOWEVER, ADMIRAL VON STORFF SCORNS THE RIGHTEOUS WRATH OF HIS ENEMIES--AS LONG AS THEY ARE UNARMED..."

HERR ADMIRAL, THE SLAVES ARE REBELLING! THEY ARE SHOUTING THAT **SUPERMAN** IS DEAD!

DEAD? DOT ISS GOOT! UND SO SHALL THEY BE BRING UP DER MACHINE GUNS!

IN THIS NARROW PASSAGE, VE CANNOT MISS!

YOU'RE BUTCHERS! THOSE MEN ARE UNARMED!

JA, BUTCHERS! HA, HA! VE SHOOT THEM DOWN LIKE CATTLE!

"CRUEL EYES PEER ALONG SIGHTS. EAGER TRIGGER FINGERS TIGHTEN! IN ANOTHER INSTANT, DEATH WILL HOLD HIGH CARNIVAL, DEEP IN THE EARTH.."

THEY'RE GOING TO SHOOT, SHIPMATES--- BUT DON'T BE SCARED! BETTER TO DIE THAN LIVE AS SLAVES!

TAKE CAREFUL AIM

"BUT MERE ROCK CANNOT CRUSH **SUPERMAN**--AND ONCE AGAIN HIS X-RAY GLANCE STABS THROUGH OBSTACLES!"

("--THERE THEY ARE--AND I'VE SPOTTED THEM JUST IN TIME! THOSE MACHINE GUNNERS MEAN BUSINESS!--")

("--NO DOUBT VON STORFF THINKS HE'S KILLED ME! WHAT A SURPRISE HE'S IN FOR!--")

" SWIFT AS A ROCKET SHIP IN THE STRATOSPHERE, HE BURROWS THROUGH THE EARTH..."

"--THE NAZIS ARE ABOUT TO FIRE! A SPLIT SECOND MAY MEAN THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH FOR THOSE FISHERMEN!--"

" AND AS THE FIRST STEEL-JACKETED BULLETS STREAK FORTH..."

LOOKEE-- SUPERMAN, OR I'M A LANDLUB-BER!

A GHOST!

FIRST I'LL TIE THESE GUNS IN KNOTS...

"SUDDENLY, THE SUPERSENSITIVE HEARING OF THE MAN OF WONDERS DETECTS A DISTANT, OMINOUS MURMER.."

...AND THEN I'LL DO THE SAME TO- ...HUH? ...A ROARING SOUND, LIKE WATER!

THE 'OCEAN'S COMING IN! THE BLAST THEY SET OFF DID MORE DAMAGE THAN THEY BARGAINED FOR! I CAN TAKE IT--BUT THE OTHERS CAN'T!

BUT WE'LL ONLY COME OUT AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN!

NO. THIS PART OF THE CHAIN OF CAVERNS IS UNDER THE VILLAGE!

VE SHALL BE DROWNED! VOT A COLOSSAL TRAGEDY!

"A HEARTBEAT LATER..."

WAKE UP! TELL THE TOWN MARSHAL TO DUST OUT HIS JAIL! HE'S GOING TO HAVE CUSTOMERS!

WHEN YOU GO BACK, BE SURE TO SAVE CAP'N ZEB AND HIS CREW FIRST!

"A SPLIT SECOND LATER, **SUPERMAN** TOSSES THE CREW OF THE **ALBATROSS** LIGHTLY TO SAFETY..."

YOUR TURN, CAP'N ZEB! I'LL TOSS YOU WITH JUST ENOUGH FORCE TO GET YOU TO THE SURFACE!..

FOLKS'LL CALL ME THE BIGGEST LIAR O' THE SEVEN SEAS WHEN I TELL ABOUT THIS!

SAFE ME! HERR HITLER VOULD BE HEARTBROKEN IF I SHOULD DIE!

"... BUT THE SEA FLOODS INTO THE CAVERN SO FAST, HE CAN'T BE GENTLE WITH THE NAZIS, YE'LL BE GLAD TO HEAR!"

THIS CALLS FOR A SPEED-UP!

CAREFUL! VOT IF I SHOULD BE HURT?

DON'T WORRY... EVEN IF YOU LAND HARD, YOU WON'T FEEL A THING!

AAAA-A-A..

REMEMBER, VEN MY TURN COMES, I AM A HIGH OFFICER UND MUST BE TREATED MIT RESPECT!

I SUPPOSE I COULD CARRY YOU UP—BUT I CAN'T RESIST DOING IT THIS WAY!

YYYaaBoOo

"SO ONE O' THE MOST CUNNING PLOTS O' THE CRUEL NAZIS IS NIPPED IN THE BUD!"

TAKE GOOD CARE OF THEM! REMEMBER--THEY'RE MEMBERS OF THE MASTER RACE!

THEY'LL FIND THE SERVICE FIRST-CLASS, -- WHAT THERE IS OF IT.

THE FRONT PAGE WON'T BE B G ENOUGH FOR THE HEADLINES THIS SCOOP DESERVES!

"AND WITHOUT EVEN PAUSING TO CATCH HIS BREATH, **SUPERMAN** IS OFF TO NEW ADVENTURES!"

UP--UP AND AWAY!

WAIT! YOU DIDN'T GIVE ME A CHANCE TO SAY "THANK YOU!"

IT'D TAKE THE REST OF OUR LIVES TO THANK HIM, MISS -- AND THEN IT WOULDN'T BE HALF ENOUGH!

"PRESENTLY..."

LOIS! THANK GOODNESS, YOU'RE SAFE! I WAS AFRAID EVEN **SUPERMAN** COULDN'T HELP YOU THIS TIME! HOW DID IT HAPPEN?

YOU SHOULD HAVE STUCK AROUND, CLARK! NOW YOU'LL HAVE TO READ ALL ABOUT IT IN THE **PLANET!**

TELEGRAPH

AND THAT'S THE STORY, JUST AS CAP'N ZEB STORME SET IT DOWN IN HIS DIARY! O' COURSE, IT WAS JUST ONE O' **SUPERMAN'S** CONTRIBUTIONS TO AMERICA'S VICTORY IN THE GREAT WAR, WHICH ENDED--AS YE ALL KNOW--WITH THE DESTRUCTION O' THE NAZIS AND THEIR EVIL ALLIES, AND THE SPREAD O' LIBERTY THROUGH ALL THE WORLD!"

SUPERMAN CAME BACK OFTEN TO VISIT CAP'N ZEB AND HIS CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN, BETWEEN HIS BATTLES AGAINST CRIME AND INJUSTICE! AND GRADUALLY THE WORLD BECAME PEACEFUL, PROSPEROUS AND HAPPY, AS WE KNOW IT!

OOOHH--WHAT A GRAND STORY!

THOSE OLD DAYS MUST HAVE BEEN PRETTY AWFUL! BUT THEY WERE NICE IN ONE WAY--

THE PEOPLE HAD **SUPERMAN** TO INSPIRE THEM--BUT NOT ANY MORE!

THAT'S RIGHT, CAP'N! WE'VE SEEN **SUPERMAN'S** PICTURES, BUT WE'LL NEVER SEE **HIM!** IF ONLY WE COULD!

SUDDENLY A DEEP, VIBRANT VOICE FILLS THE ROOM!

SO YOU'D LIKE TO SEE **SUPERMAN,** WOULD YOU? WELL, HE'S NEVER YET DISAPPOINTED THE YOUNGER GENERATION!

HUH?..., SOMEBODY'S IN THE ROOM!

IN THAT CHAIR! HE'S BEEN LISTENING TO EVERY WORD!

YOU SEE, I STILL COME BACK OCCASIONALLY TO VISIT CAP'N ZEB'S DESCENDANTS! I ARRIVED THIS MORNING!

SUPERMAN! EXACTLY LIKE HIS PICTURES! BUT--BUT IT'S BEEN TWO HUNDRED YEARS--

IT SEEMS I'M MADE OF LASTING MATERIAL, AND WILL BE AROUND, A WHILE YET! THERE'S STILL PLENTY FOR ME TO DO, EVEN WITH WARS AND CRIMES OUT OF FASHION!

PLEASE, **SUPERMAN**--WOULD YOU LET US SEE YOU LEAP THROUGH THE AIR, JUST ONCE?

SUPERMAN HAS A SUPER-BRAIN, YE KNOW--AS WELL AS SUPER-STRENGTH AND SUPER-SPEED! HE'S FIGHTING THE BATTLES O' SCIENCE FOR THE GOOD O' HUMANITY THESE DAYS!

HOW ABOUT A QUICK TRIP TO DORNLEY DEEP AND BACK?

BLESS 'EM--THEY'RE TOO YOUNG TO REALIZE THAT ONLY CONSTANT VIGILANCE KEEPS US SAFE FROM WAR AND CRIME! IT'S GOOD TO KNOW THAT—AS LONG AS EVIL IS NOT DEAD, BUT ONLY SLEEPING--THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A **SUPERMAN!**

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*Because the War Production Board has ordered all publishers to use 10% less paper than in 1942 MORE FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly, ALL STAR COMICS and WONDER WOMAN will become quarterlies, ALL-AMERICAN COMICS will be published only eight times, and PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE only twice in 1943

GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING

reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK, staff advisor
Child Study Association of America

THE SECRET VOYAGE By Gordon Grant

Of all the ways to hunt for treasure, Tommy Humphrey certainly seems to have found the best one. It all started when Tommy was given a pain-brush!

It was no ordinary brush. It had been given to Tommy by his Uncle Ben—a seafaring man—who got it from a queer magician fellow in China. The fellow had suggested that it might have magic in it.

One rainy day, when Tommy was splashing the ink about with his new brush, he decided to draw an old sea captain. What was his astonishment when the paper slid from beneath his hand and there was the sea captain big as life, and twice as talkative! From then on things began to happen fast. The captain must have a boat, so Tommy's magic brush got busy and drew one for him. A boat must have a crew—and a crew must have something to do. So they all sailed away on a hunt for sunken treasure which lay beneath the blue seas off Trinidad.

But they had forgotten to reckon with Davy Jones, who was guarding that particular treasure, and who was furious when Tommy's ship came hunting for it. Things looked pretty ugly for the crew until, just as Davy Jones was about to spill them all into the sea, Tommy had an idea. And it worked!

You'll have to read the book to find out how Tommy escaped from Davy Jones' Locker and came safely home.

SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

GREETINGS, MEMBERS! We all know how important the Supermen of the U. S. Army are on the fighting fronts. Important, too, however, are the Supermen of America as they fight on the home front, banded together under the Club motto of STRENGTH, COURAGE, AND JUSTICE!

Supermen of America fight on the home front to see that our fighting men have what it takes to win. We know that it takes guns, tanks, planes and ships to protect America and to preserve our democratic way of life. And each member can do his share in this fight!

If each one of us will pitch in and help by buying war bonds and stamps; collect the scrap needed to produce the implements of war; cooperate with the Red Cross in its drive to raise funds with which to make life for the men in the army a little easier and safer; serve in the civilian defense organizations in our local communities, we will all help to bring the day of VICTORY so much closer.

Sincerely,
CLARK KENT

SUPERMAN, JULY
c/o ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMAN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Button and Superman Code.

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STREET ADDRESS .....

CITY AND STATE .....

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VIGILANTE

THE LITTLE NORTHERN TOWN OF ARCTURUS IS ALL DRESSED UP FOR ITS WINTER FESTIVAL** BUT THERE'S TERROR IN THE FROSTY AIR! AND NOT ALL THE FLEECE-LINED MACKINAWS OF ALL THE INHABITANTS CAN PROTECT SPINAL COLUMNS AGAINST CHILLS AS THE ZERO HOUR NEARS! FOR BENEATH THE GLITTERING SURFACE LURKS A GRIM THREAT OF DEADLY PERIL** AND IT TAKES ALL THE ICY NERVE AND DARING OF THE VALIANT VIGILANTE— AND ALL THE HEADLONG RECKLESSNESS OF STUFF, THE CHINATOWN KID— TO CRACK THE AMAZING RIDDLE OF—

"The Crime Carnival!"

WHAT'S THIS? CAN IT BE THAT **STUFF**, THE **CHINATOWN KID**, IS ABOUT TO EMBARK ON A POLAR EXPEDITION?

ALL SET, PARD! H TCH UP TH' DOG TEAM, AN' LET'S START MUSHIN'!

I SHOULD A STOOD IN BED!

LET'S LET GREG SANDERS, BETTER KNOWN AS THE **PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR**, STRAIGHTEN THINGS OUT...

GREAT G..A MONSTERS! WE'RE ONLY GOING TO BE IN ARCTURUS A N GHT AND A DAY-- LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO MAKE A BENEF T APPEARANCE FOR THE HOSPITA FUND!"

BUT THERE'S A W NTER SPORTS CARNIVA ON, A N'T THERE?, GOTTA LET THEM NORTHERNERS KNOW I A.N'T NO TENDERFOOT!

LATER, AS A TRAIN SNAKES THROUGH SNOW-COVERED H LLS--

I READ A BOOK .N THE L BRARY ON SKIIN'! WAT'LL I SHOW THEM HICKS WHAT A BIG CITY K D CAN DO!

.T WON'T BE A VERY LONG WAIT--WE'RE NEARLY THERE!

NEAR THE RAILROAD, ON THE OUT-SK RTS OF ARCT.RUS A PREOCCUP ED HUNTER FA LS TO SEE A TALL PINE TREE START TO FALL TOWARD H M ---

NOW WHAT IN TARNATION WAS I SUPPOSED TO DO WHEN I GOT BACK FROM RABBIT HUNTIN'?-- I CLEAN FORGOT--

BUT THE **CHINATOWN KID'S** EYES M SS PRACT CALLY NOTHING!

LOOK, P.T. -- THAT TREE'S GONNA FALL R GHT ON THAT GLY IF HE DON'T WAKE UP!

GREAT SCOTT! WE'VE GOT TO WARN HIM!

TIMBER!

HUH?--SAKES ALIVE-- IT'S COMIN' R GHT AT ME!

CRASH!

MADE IT--THANKS TO THAT FELLER ON THE TRAIN!-- WONDER HOW THAT THING HAPPENED TO FALL, W THOUT NO WIND BLOWIN'?--

AT ARCTURUS..

MAYOR MCGLURK WAS SUPPOSED TO MEET US AT THE STATION, BUT HE MUST HAVE BEEN TOO BUSY!

WELL, I GUESS WE CAN FIND THE WAY TO A HOTEL BY OURSELVES!

HEY-- AIN'T THAT THE ABSENT-MINDED GUY WHO ALMOST GOT HIT BY THAT TREE!

THE NEXT MOMENT--

A SNOWSLIDE COMIN' OFF THAT ROOF! IT'S GONNA LAND ON HIM!

HE OUGHT TO HIRE A LOOKOUT!

HELP! LEGGO!

SORRY, STRANGER-- IT CAN'T BE HELPED!

THAT WAS CLOSE -- I'M GREG SANDERS, ALSO KNOWN AS THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR!

NOW I REMEMBER! I WAS SUPPOSED TO MEET YOU AT THE TRAIN -- I'M MAYOR MCGLURK!

HOW'D THOSE BIG HUNKS OF ICE GET ON THAT ROOF? IT'S MYSTERIOUS,-- A TREE ALMOST SQUASHES ME-- A BULLET JUST MISSES ME WHILE HUNTIN'--

MAYBE SOMEBODY WANTS YOU TO HAVE AN ACCIDENT!

WHAT'S THIS ABOUT ACCIDENTS?

MR. SANDERS, THIS IS MR. MUNGO, WHO SOLD US ON THE IDEA OF PUTTING ON A CARNIVAL TO RAISE MONEY FOR A NEW HOSPITAL! HE'S TAKIN' CHARGE OF EVERYTHING!

I'VE NOTICED THAT FOLKS WHO TALK ABOUT ACCIDENTS ARE THE ONES THAT HAVE 'EM!

I'M AFRAID I DON'T UNDERSTAND! (NOT MUCH I DON'T!)

THAT EVENING--

I MET TH' MAYOR ON HIS WAY TO INSPECT TH' SKI JUMPS AND TOBOGGAN SLIDES, AN' TOLD HIM I WAS GONNA WIN ALL TH' MEDALS TOMORRA! HE SAID--

SLOW DOWN, CHAMP-- SOMEONE'S CALLING!

KNOCK! KNOCK!

WHY, IT'S MUNGO!

OH, OH--THIS LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE!

RIGHT, DUDE! AND THESE ARE MY PALS, MIKE AND SLIM, HERE TO HELP ME GIVE YOU A FRIENDLY TIP!

YOU'RE HERE TO YODEL FOR THE YOKELS AND GET 'EM TO LOOSEN UP-- NOT TO WORRY ABOUT ACCIDENTS! MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, OR ELSE AN ACCIDENT WILL HAPPEN TO YOU! GET IT?

Y-YES, S-SIR'!

BUT WHEN THE CALLERS HAVE DEPARTED--

HA, HA, HA! ANYBODY WHO CAN ACT AS SCARED AS THAT OUGHTA BE IN THE MOVIES!

MAYBE MUNGO AND HIS CHUMS WILL DO THE SAME WHEN THEY MEET UP WITH THE VIGILANTE!

ONCE AGAIN THE VIGILANTE, ARCH-FOE OF OUTLAWS, FOLLOWS THE TROUBLE-TRAIL--

HOT DOG! WE'RE HEADIN' FOR TH' HILLS! NOW I CAN TRY OUT MY NEW SKIS!

HERE'S HOPING WE FIND OUR FORGETFUL FRIEND, THE MAYOR IN A HURRY! HE SEEMS TO ATTRACT ACTION--

CALKED BOOTS HELP MAYOR McGLURK CLIMB THE SLICK, HARD-PACKED SURFACE OF A CURVING TOBOGGAN SLIDE--

WHAT AM I HERE FOR?--OH, YES--I'M MAK N' SURE THE TRACK IS ALL RIGHT FOR THE CONTEST TOMORROW, NOW THAT EVERYBODY'S THROUGH USIN' IT FOR THE DAY!

EVERYBODY IS NOT THROUGH USING THIS PARTICULAR TRACK, HOWEVER-- AS WE MAY SEE FOR OURSELVES---

LET 'ER ROLL!

SHUT UP! D'YA WANTA TIP OFF THE ABSENT-MINDED OLD FOOL?

GLIDING OVER THE GLAZED SNOW, THE TOBOGGAN PICKS UP EXPRESS TRAIN SPEED--

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!

A SECOND LATER--

WHAT'S THIS! JUMPIN' CATAMOUNTS-- I HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE!

THE CRUNCHING SWISH OF THE ONRUSHING SLED, MUFFLES THE FAINTER SWISH OF A SLENDER NOOSE --

I'M A GONNER, SURE!

AND TRAGEDY IS AVERTED BY THE NARROWEST OF MARGINS--

WHA---!?

?

I SWAN! YOU'RE THE SECOND COWBOY TO SAVE MY LIFE TODAY!-- SAY-- AIN'T YOU THE VIGILANTE?

RIGHT!-- THAT VARMINT, MUNGO AND HIS PALS ARE STAGIN' THIS HOSPITAL BENEFIT FOR THE R OWN BENEFIT!

WHAT, AGA N?

GOLLY-- I BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON ALL THAT MONEY WE TOOK IN! LEMME SEE, NOW-- DID I TAKE IT HOME WITH ME, OR--?

IT'LL BE SAFE WHEN I CORRAL THOSE COYOTES!-- HUH?-- THEY'RE NOT ON THE TRACK OR AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL!-- THEY'VE DISAPPEARED!

I'LL CHECK-- I'M GEARED FOR SPEED!

WHEE! I'M OFF!-- OOPS-- MY SKIIS AIN'T TRACK N'!

CAREFUL, PARDNER!

THAT BOOK I READ DIDN'T SAY NOTH N' ABOUT THIS!

YOU'RE NOT HURT, ARE YOU FELLA?

SORTA UPSET, YOU MIGHT SAY!

WHADDYA THINK? THERE'S A BIG HOLE DOWN THERE, LONG AN' NARROW, LIKE A TUNNEL! I FELL RIGHT IN!

WHAT!--ER-- YOU'D BETTER FINISH THE INSPECTION WITH THE MAYOR!

BUT AS THE CHINATOWN KID OBEDIANTLY TURNS HIS BACK, THE VIGILANTE STARTS AN INSPECTION OF HIS OWN--

HEY, MAYOR-- KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT SKIIS?

IF IT'S A TUNNEL THE CROOKS WILL BE AT THE OTHER END-- AND I CAN INVESTIGATE MORE QUICKLY ALONE...

BENEATH THE SNOW---

SO THAT'S IT! THEY RAN THE TOBOGGAN THROUGH THAT WHITE CAMOUFLAGE CURTAIN, WHICH LOOKS JUST LIKE THE SNOW ALONGSIDE THE TRACK!

THERE'S THE TOBOGGAN-- AND A SNOWBOUND SHACK, PROBABLY INVISIBLE FROM ABOVE! THEY MUST HAVE INTENDED TO HIDE HERE IF THINGS GOT TOO HOT!

WITHIN THE SHACK--

IF ONLY WE COULD SHOOT HIM AND BE DONE WITH IT! BUT WE GOTTA MAKE IT LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT, SO NOBODY WILL GET WISE TO US!

CHEE--IF HE WASN'T SO ABSENT-MINDED, WE'D ALL BE BACK IN DA BIG HOUSE!

BUT I TELL YA IT WAS DA VIGILANTE WHAT SAVED McGLURK! I SEEN HIM JUST AS PLAIN, STANDIN' IN DA SNOW!

NAW--IT COULDN'T BE TH' VIG! WHAT WOULD HE BE DOIN' IN A HICK PLACE LIKE THIS?

THE NEXT INSTANT--

WHAT WOULD I BE DOING, MUNGO, BUT FOLLOWING MY FAVORITE SEASONAL SPORT--HUNTING CROOKS?

JUMPIN' JEHOSOPHAT-- IT'S *HIM!*

BLAM!

AND THE OPEN SEASON'S ON VARMINTS LIKE YOU ARE SPRING, SUMMER, FALL AND WINTER!

YW-J-U-

NOW YOU'RE REALLY SNOWED UNDER!

HAVE A SEAT, VIG!

PRESENTLY--

OKAY, WE GOT H.M.! WHERE TO, NOW?

THROUGH THE OTHER TUNNEL TO THE LAKE! IT'S FROZEN SOLID IN THE BAY, BUT IT'S ALL OPEN WATER IN THE MIDDLE!

IT'S DEEP OUT THERE-- NOBODY'LL EVER SEE HIM AGAIN!

AND WHEN SHIVERING CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS--

WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING?-- I'M SLIDING OVER ICE---

SWIFT AS THE WINTER WIND, SHARP RUNNERS SPEED THE PRISONER TOWARD HIS DOOM---

THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I EVER REALIZED SITTING ON ICE COULD BE LIKE SITTING ON A HOT STOVE!

I CAN HARDLY WAIT!

HERE'S WHERE WE CRACK THE WHIP!-- READY WITH THAT KNIFE, MIKE?

SO LONG, YOU COWBOY COPPER! WE'RE GOING BACK-- BUT YOU'RE KEEPING RIGHT ON TILL YOU HIT OPEN WATER!

YOU WON'T GET FAR! THE LAW WILL CATCH UP WITH YOU RATS, NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS TO ME!

COLD BLACK WATER YAWNS AHEAD OF THE HURTLING FIGURE OF THE **VIGILANTE**...

ONCE I HIT THAT WATER, IT WILL BE ALL OVER! MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO BEAR DOWN ON THE BRAKES IN A HURRY!

AND ONCE MORE THE LAWMAN'S SPURS SAVE HIS LIFE WITH ONLY INCHES TO SPARE!

WHEW! ANOTHER SECOND AND-- BUT NO USE THINKING ABOUT THAT! THE RIDE HAS FRAYED THESE ROPES LOOSE ENOUGH SO THAT I CAN GET RID OF THEM IN A HURRY!

THESE SPURS WERE INVENTED TO PRODUCE SPEED-- BUT IF THEY DON'T SLOW ME DOWN NOW, I'LL NEVER RIDE ANOTHER BRONC!

MEANWHILE, THE TREACHEROUS TRIO HAS DECIDED UPON DIRECT ACTION--

DA **VIG** MUSTA TIPPED OFF McGLURK DAT WE WASN'T ON DA LEVEL! WE CAN'T KEEP ON BEIN' PROMOTERS OF DIS SHOW NO MORE! WE GOTTA SCRAM!

WE'LL SCRAM ALL RIGHT--WHEN WE GRAB OFF THE DOUGH!

SOME MINUTES EARLIER, MAYOR McGLURK'S MALADJUSTED MEMORY HAS PARTIALLY CAUGHT UP WITH HIM AND SENT HIM HASTENING TO THE TOWN HALL ---

SO MUNGO'S CROOKED! LUCKY I REMEMBERED LEAVIN' THIS HOSPITAL MONEY IN TH' CAB NET! I'LL TAKE IT HOME AN' HIDE IT UNDER THE MATTRESS!

BUT HE COULDN'T HAVE CHOSEN A WORSE TIME! FOR AS HE DEPARTS ---

ARE YOU GOING TO FORK OVER, OR DO WE TAKE THAT DOUGH BY FORCE?

WHY, YE MANGY CURS! I'LL --- OH-H-H-H-H-H-H--

SUDDENLY--

HUH?--

OW! I'M SHOT!

SPLAT!

THOSE WERE JUST SAMPLES! NOW YOU GET THE REAL THING!

I'M SEEIN' THINGS!

THE VIGILANTE'S FOOT STRIKES A PATCH OF ICE ---

WHUP!

IT WOULD HAVE SAVED ALL OF US TROUBLE IF I'D DONE THIS IN THE FIRST PLACE!

A KILLER'S EYES HARDENED WITH HATRED--A TRIGGER FINGER GROWS TENSE--AND DEATH WAS NEVER NEARER THE DARING CRIME-FIGHTER THAN NOW!

STUFF, MEANWHILE TEMPTS FATE--

I BET THAT WAS MY TROUBLE BEFORE! I WASN'T GOIN' FAST ENOUGH! I'LL TRY IT FROM THE TOP OF THE TOWER, LIKE THE PROFESSIONAL SKI-JUMPERS DO!

OH, OH--IT'S HIGHER'N I THOUGHT! MAYBE I BETTER STOP AN' THINK THIS OVER--

OH-H-H-H--- NOW I DONE IT!

NICE VIEW!

WHY DO I DO THESE THINGS?

I DON'T BELIEVE IT EITHER!

THIS HAS BEEN GOIN' ON FOR HOURS! DON'T IT EVER STOP?

OOOHHH-H-H. I'M SCARED TO LOOK!

THE ZERO HOUR HAS ARRIVED FOR THE VIGILANTE--

FROM ME TO YOU, WISE GUY!

YOU YELLOW LIVERED HYENA!--WHAT--? DON'T TELL ME I'M ALREADY DEAD AND SEEING ANGELS!

BUT THE PENDULUM OF DOOM IS INTERRUPTED IN ITS FINAL SWING--

FAREWELL, CRUEL--OOOFF!

EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO ME!

EVERYTHING HASN'T HAPPENED YET--BUT IT'S GOING TO!

WHAM!

NICE SHOES YOU'RE WEARING!

SMASH!

MY HEAD--IT WAS MUNGO AND HIS FRIENDS, VIGILANTE! THEY GOT THE MONEY FOR THE HOSPITAL, AND--

TAKE IT EASY, McGLURK! THEY--UH--MET WITH AN ACCIDENT BEFORE THEY COULD GET VERY FAR WITH IT!

AND SOMETHING TELLS ME THE POLICE WILL BE GLAD TO HEAR OF IT! THE MORE I THINK OF IT, THE SURER I AM THAT I'VE SEEN MUNGO'S MUGG ON A REWARD POSTER!

THE CITY POLICE! THUNDERATION--I JUST REMEMBERED SOMETHING THAT CLEAN SLIPPED MY MIND!

WHEN MUNGO OFFERED TO PUT ON THIS SHOW, THE TOWN COUNCIL TOLD ME NOT TO LET HIM HANDLE ANY OF THE MONEY TILL I'D CHECKED WITH THE POLICE ON HIS CREDENTIALS--AN' I FORGOT ALL ABOUT IT!

SO THAT'S WHY THEY WANTED TO KILL YOU! THEY WANTED TO MAKE SURE YOU'D NEVER CHECK!

NEXT DAY -- BRIGHT SUNSHINE SPARKLES ON SCENES OF GAY EXCITEMENT AS ARCTURUS CARRIES ITS WINTER SPORTS CARNIVAL THROUGH TO BRILLIANT SUCCESS ---

ICE CARNI

AND THIS IS MY MORAL -- BE HONEST, BE TRUE -- AND NO JAIL HOUSE WILL EVER HOLD YOU!

SIGH.

WHEN THE EVENTS ARE FINISHED ---

FELLER CITIZENS, I'M PROUD TO ANNOUNCE WE GOT THE MONEY FOR OUR HOSPITAL -- THANKS TO THE **VIGILANTE**, WHO DONATED HIS REWARD MONEY DUE HIM FOR CATCHIN' THOSE CROOKS!

TOO BAD THE **VIGILANTE** WASN'T HERE FOR THE CELEBRATION -- WE'D 'A LIKED T' SHOW OUR APPRECIATION! -- BUT THERE'S SOMEONE ELSE PRESENT TO WHOM I'M GONNA PRESENT A SPEC AL PRIZE FOR THE MOST AMAZ,N' SKI JUMP EVER MADE IN THIS HERE NECK O' TH' WOODS!

UNFORTUNATELY, THIS JUMP WASN'T OFFICIAL -- BUT I SEEN IT WITH MY OWN EYES, AND I'M DONATIN' THIS HERE PRIZE MYSELF ---

-- TO A REAL SKI CHAMPEEN -- **STUFF**, THE **CHINATOWN KID** -- A FIGHTIN' PAL O' THE **VIGILANTE** AN' LIKEWISE A PAL O THE **PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR**!

GUESS I SHOWED 'EM I'M NO TENDER-FOOT, HEY, P.T.?

12

TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT THOSE CRUTCHES AND THAT WHEELCHAIR, FOLKS, BECAUSE YOU'LL NEVER SEE THEM AGAIN! WE HAVE THE DOCTOR'S PROMISE THAT **STUFF** WILL BE BACK ON HIS FEET IN PLENTY OF TIME TO KEEP UP WITH THE **VIG** IN NEXT MONTH'S ACTION COMICS!

3 ACES

NO CRIME IS BLACKER THAN TREASON TO HEROIC PATRIOTS LIKE **THE THREE ACES**, BUT IN THE FIRES OF BATTLE THE DROSS OF DISTRUST BURNS AWAY, AS THE DARING TRIO PROBES THE MISTERY OF...

"THE LOYAL TRAITOR!"

AS THE AIRPLANE CARRER **ROOSEVELT**, STEAMS THROUGH THE WAR-TORN MEDITERRANEAN SEA A LITTLE COMMOTION TAKES PLACE IN HER WARD ROOM...

...OTHERS PRESENT IN THIS CELEBRATION OF OUR TRIUMPHANT OCCUPATION OF TOULON ARE OBERST VON STAHL, OBERST ROTMANN HAUPTMANN ZIMMER HAUPTMANN CRANE...

SHUT THAT RADIO OFF!

WOT'S EATING 'IM?

THAT'S ENSIGN CRANE, SON OF THE MAN JUST MENTIONED ON THE RADIO! FATHER'S AN EX-NAVAL OFFICER WHO WENT OVER TO THE NAZIS!

THAT'S RIGHT WILL! WE FOUND STOLEN CONFIDENTIAL PAPERS IN LIEUTENANT COMMANDER CRANE'S LOCKER! HE WAS DISHONORABLY DISCHARGED! THEN WE DISCOVERED HIS INNOCENCE, BUT BY THAT TIME IT WAS TOO LATE... THE EMBITTERED CHAP HAD JOINED THE GERMANS!

THE LOUDSPEAKER BLARES FORTH A SUDDEN CALL TO BATTLE STATIONS!

BONG-BONG! FLIGHT QUARTERS! BONG-BONG! FLIGHT QUARTERS!

LIVELY, MEN! SEE YOU THREE LATER I HOPE! THE ADMIRAL HAS A SPECIAL JOB FOR YOU!

TENSELY, THE THREE ACES AWAIT THE ADMIRAL, WHO ENTERS HURRIEDLY!

GENTLEMEN, WE HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE! INTELLIGENCE INFORMS US THAT THE NAZIS HAVE SALVAGED ONE OF THE DAMAGED FRENCH WARSHIPS AT TOULON AND ARE CHANGING HER INTO AN AIRPLANE CARRIER!

I'VE ORDERED THE TAKE-OFF FOR A RAID ON TOULON HARBOR IN FIFTEEN MINUTES! YOUR SPECIAL JOB WILL BE TO SINK THAT CARRIER BEFORE THE NAZIS PUT HER INTO THE MEDITERRANEAN... HELLO! WHAT'S THAT?

SOUNDS LIKE A PLANE ON THE FLIGHT DECK TAKING OFF AHEAD OF TIME, SIR!

I'LL SEE 'OO IT IS, SIR!

BLYME! IF IT ISN'T ONE OF 'OUR BLOOMIN' FIGHTERS! OOS THE PILOT, SAILOR?

ENSIGN CRANE, SIR!

IT WAS ENSIGN CRANE, SIR! DO YOU WISH HIM PURSUED AND BROUGHT BACK?

NO TIME FOR THAT! MAN YOUR PLANES AND PROCEED TO TOULON! THAT CONVERTED CARRIER MUST NOT ESCAPE!

I HOPE CRANE ISN'T GOING OVER TO THE NAZIS LIKE HIS FATHER!

ONE AFTER ANOTHER, THE ROOSEVELT'S WAR-HAWKS ROAR OFF THE FLIGHT DECK! ONE THOUGHT IS UPPERMOST IN THE THREE ACES' MINDS—THE CARRIER MUST BE DESTROYED!

NIGHT OVER TOULON' THE AMERICAN EAGLES POUNCE ON THEIR OBJECTIVES... BUT SOMETHING'S MISSING' THE CARRIER HAS VANISHED!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT' THE ADMIRAL WAS SURE OF THAT CARRIER! WE MUST INVESTIGATE! I'LL SIGNAL GUNNER AND FOGGIE!

ATTRACTED BY KILLS WING-SIGNALS GUNNER AND FOG FOLLOW HIM INLAND!

FIRST YOUNG CRANE GOES A.W.O.L.' NOW WE DO'

BLAME IT ON THE ELEPHANT GOIN' TO LAND ON THAT FARM OVER THERE'

WELCOMING FRENCH PATRIOTS WELCOME THE THREE ACES AND HIDE THEIR WILDCATS...

WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU? WE'RE AT YOUR SERVICE'

CAN YOU GIVE US INFORMATION ON THE CARRIER THAT THE NAZIS CONVERTED FROM A SALVAGED CRUISER?

MYSELF MONSIEUR I DO NOT KNOW, BUT THERE IS ONE MAN WHO DOES... HAUPTMANN CRANE' HE COMMANDS THE LOCAL LUFTWAFFE SQUADRONS'

HAUPTMANN CRANE... HOW CAN WE GET TO HIM?

UNDER COVER OF NIGHT THE FARMER LEADS THE THREE ACES INTO TOULON AND INTRODUCES THEM TO THE MYSTERIOUS FRENCH UNDERGROUND

THE AMERICANS HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH HAUPTMANN CRANE'

FOLLOW ME, MESSIEURS LES AMERICAINS'

LES BONNES CHEVAUX

STEALTHILY THE THREE ACES AND THE FRENCHMAN STALK THROUGH THE BLACKED-OUT STREETS OF TOULON, EVER IN DANGER FROM PROWLING GESTAPO AGENTS... AND THEN...

THE JANITOR SIGNALED THAT HAUPTMANN CRANE HAS COMPANY' PERHAPS SOME PILOTS FROM HIS SQUADRONS'

OUR GUNS ARE READY'

REACH FOR THE SKY CRANE AND COMPANY!

LOOKS' HIS YOUNG CRANE JUST HIT HIS!

PLEASE DROP YOUR GUNS MY AMERICAN FRIENDS'

GREAT SCOTT' YOU'RE AN AXIS AGENT'

NO CORNER ... AS A FRENCH PILOT I WAS AFRAID HE WOULD ... A TRAITOR SHOOT HOWEVER CRANE HE WAS ... BUT AT LEAST THAT'S HOW HE'S WORKING WITH US

I KNEW THE NAZIS WERE PLANNING TO ATTACK OUR COUNTRY AND WHEN I WAS FINALLY DISCHARGED THROUGH NO FAULT OF MY OWN I GAVE MY SERVICE TO GET EVEN WITH THE NAZIS

I SEE BY BOOKS AS A TRAITOR YOU WERE ABLE TO CAPTURE ONE INTACT

EXACTLY! I COULD NOT BE ENTRUSTED WITH BUT NOW I'M READY TO MOVE OUT INTO THE OPEN THAT AIRPLANE ARRIVED WHEN I WAS CAPTURED AT SEA A FEW HOURS FRENCH CARRIER NORMANDIE SEIZED HER AND TAKE A TRIP TO JOIN THE ALLIES

BUT THAT'S ALL THE NAZIS HAVE NOW. DEADLY CARRIER-BASED FIGHTER PLANES. THERE ARE FIVE OF US WE CAN TAKE FIVE OF THOSE PLANES OUTRIGHT AND WITH THE OTHER TO OUR NAVY ENGINEERS AND TEST PILOTS WILL STUDY THE

GREAT! HERE WITH YOU TO A FINISH OR MY NAME ISN'T GUNNER!

MADE IN THE NEXT ROOM I'M GOING TO CALL THE NAZI PILOTS OVER HERE... BUT THEN TO SLEEP AND TAKE THEIR UNIFORMS AND PLANES

LET'S GO!

AND SO LIEUTENANT COMMANDER CRANE ENTERTAINS FIVE OF HIS NAZI PILOTS...

ANOTHER TONIC... ON THE BANKING OF THE AMERICAN CHOICE CAZOEZ!

JAWOHL... JAWOHL!

AND AN HOUR LATER...

HATE TO CUT IN ON A GOOD NAVY UNIFORM FOR THIS ERSATZ RAG!

HE... SEND BERLIN GOBBING A BIT PER HOUR HUN FORMS. BAWHEY!

THE NAZIS IN A NAZI STAFF CAR SPEED THROUGH THE DARK STREETS TOWARD THE ARMORY!

KEEP IT FLOORED BUT NOT SO FAST HERE THE ARMORY DRIVE OURSELVES AWAY

SLOW CAREFULLY SIR

AS THE GERMAN BOMBERS APPROACH PEARL HARBOR, THEIR PILOTS SEE BELOW THEM THE AMERICAN BATTLESHIPS AT ANCHOR...

AIR ENTERPRISE-ERR CORPS! HEIL HITLER!

EAT HAT THE BLOW IN HARBOR JUST BE NEGLECTED

SO TO STRAFE THE SO HEY... THE BLOW THE HARBOR

BANK

BOOM

THE FIGHTERS HIT THE SKIES OVER THE BATTLE TORN HARBOR

BLIMEY THIS IS A TRACTOR NOT TO BE OUT AND STEP LIKE HADRIAN POPE'S HEREBROWS!

LOOK AT BACK OF THOSE ALLIES OF NO LIFE!

THAT'S BAD!

HOLD ON RENDEZ OUS AROUND ME LIKE AN TEA

AZZER FROM ... URGENT HERE FLYING FIRE ... THE NAZI TRATES TO YOU AND HERE ... THE FRENCH AZZER! THE NAZIS ACE SEND NO OPPOS TON!

AZZER ... ROGER

'ROGER' CODE WORD FOR OKAY

THE CALL FOR HELP IS ANSWERED! NAVY ACES, TAKING OFF FROM THE ROOSEVELT'S FLIGHT DECK WITH SPLIT SECOND SPEED, ROAR INTO ACTION WITH BELCHING MACHINE GUNS AND CANNONS!

BY H'JNGLE SAM'S WHISKERS... 'ITLER'S GETTING MORE THAN 'E BARGAINED FER FROM H'OUR PILOTS, YUS 'E IS!

AFTER TEN WILD MINUTES, THE FIGHT'S OVER AND THE TRIUMPHANT WAR BIRDS RETURN TO THE CARRIER

HURRY! I CAN'T HOLD ON ANY LONGER! MY PLANE'S DAMAGED!

HMM... I HOPE IT'S ONLY THE **PLANE** THAT'S DAMAGED!

THE THREE ACES REPORTING, SIR! WE'VE BROUGHT THE NEW GERMAN CARRIER BASED FIGHTERS FOR TECHNICAL EXAMINATION! THE FRENCH CARRIER WILL RENDEZVOUS WITH US! BUT WE COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT LIEUTENANT COMMANDER CRANE'S HELP!

CRANE? LIEUTENANT COMMANDER CRANE? DID I HEAR YOU CORRECTLY?

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER CRANE COMES "HOME"...

GREAT SCOTT! HE'S WOUNDED!

AIRPLANE CARRIER BROAD ON STARBOARD BEAM!

THEY GOT ME EARLY IN THE FIGHT... CAME BACK TO BE BURIED UNDER OLD GLORY...

'E'S A BETTER MAN THAN H'ALL OF H'US!

NEXT DAY, AS THE ROOSEVELT STEAMS PAST GIBRALTAR INTO THE BROAD SWELLS OF THE ATLANTIC, OFFICERS AND MEN PAY THEIR LAST RESPECTS TO A HERO!

ENSIGN CRANE, I ORDER YOU TO GIVE YOUR FATHER'S MEDAL TO THE NAVY MUSEUM SO THAT FUTURE GENERATIONS WILL KNOW A BRAVE MAN WHO SACRIFICED HIS LIFE FOR HIS COUNTRY!

NO MAN WAS EVER TRUER TO THE FLAG!

BE TRUE TO YOUR FLAG! **BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!**

AMERICOMMANDO

THEY THAT CAN GIVE UP ESSENTIAL LIBERTY TO OBTAIN A LITTLE SAFETY, DESERVE NEITHER LIBERTY NOR SAFETY!
..BEN FRANKLIN

BY BERNARD BAILY...

THAT SINISTER EXPERT OF ASSASSINATION, **DR. ITO**, SON OF A JAPANESE FATHER AND A PRUSSIAN MOTHER, RETURNS TO WEAVE A NET OF INTRIGUE TO LURE **AMERICOMMANDO** -- THE FINEST-TRAINED, SMARTEST FIGHTER IN THE WORLD -- TO A HORRIBLE DEATH! THIS TIME THE TRAP IS SPRUNG IN OIL-RICH, AXIS-DOMINATED RUMANIA! BUT THE BEST-LAID PLANS OF RATTY MEN COME A CROPPER WHEN THEY COLLIDE WITH....

"THE BLITZ BARGE!"

LATE AFTERNOON. ON A RUMANIAN CANAL.

HALT! IT'S VERBOTEN TO ENTER THE OIL FIELDS WITHOUT PERMISSION!!

WE ARE BRINGING CEMENT FOR FORTIFICATIONS.. OUR PAPERS ARE IN ORDER...

I WILL SEE FOR MYSELF!

AH, HERR ATESCU, VERY GOOD! YOUR PAPERS ARE IN ORDER! YOU MAY PASS!

HMM... SO RESPECTFUL! WHEN A NAZI SMILES, HE IS USUALLY THINKING OF **MURDER!**

WHEW! I'M GLAD WE'RE FINALLY HERE! I GET SCARED JUST THINKING OF THE DYNAMITE WE'VE GOT UNDER THE CABIN...WE'LL DOCK THERE!

WHEN DO WE START OUR JOB?

I WILL GO ASHORE AND CONTACT MY UNDERGROUND UNIT... THEY'LL KNOW WHEN IT IS TIME FOR US TO GO TO WORK!

GOOD! WE SHALL MAKE EVERYTHING READY! HURRY BACK BEFORE THE GESTAPO GETS CURIOUS AND EXAMINES OUR BARGE!

BUT AS SOON AS THEIR COMPANION LEAVES..

PST! COME INSIDE! THERE'S SOMETHING **ROTTEN** IN RUMANIA!

WHA--!

I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND! ATESCU CONTACTED YOU WITH HIS PLAN TO HAUL DYNAMITE HERE WITH WHICH TO BLOW UP THE OIL SUPPLIES! WHAT CAN BE WRONG WITH IT?

OIL-FIELDS HAVE PLENTY OF EXPLOSIVES AROUND SO WHY HAUL DYNAMITE HERE?I PLAYED ALONG WITH ATESCU TO FIND OUT!

WHO ARE THESE TWO BARGEMEN? WHY DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE **AMERI-COMMANDO** AND HIS LOYAL GREEK FRIEND PETER PODULS?

YOU THINK OUR FRIEND ATESCU IS UP TO SOMETHING HE HASN'T TOLD US ABOUT?

IF HE IS, I'LL SOON KNOW!

SIT TIGHT AND WAIT FOR ME! I'M GOING TO FOLLOW ATESCU!

OH! OH! I HOPE WE ARE MISTAKEN IN OUR SUSPICIONS! **BE CAREFUL!**

MEANWHILE, THE ARRIVAL OF THE BARGE HAS BEEN OBSERVED BY THAT MOST EVIL OF LITTLE MEN--- **HERR DOCKTOR ITO!**

SO! THEY HAVE ARRIVED! ATESCU HAS DONE HIS WORK WELL! HERE HE COMES TO REPORT TO ME!.

SHALL I HAF DER BARGE ZURROUNDED, HERR DOKTOR?

YES, GENERAL PUNKSTEIN! SURROUND THE BARGE!

YA HERR DOKTOR!

YOUR ORDERS HAVE BEEN CARRIED OUT, HERR DOKTOR!

GOOD! THEN LET US ATTACK!

SWIFTLY NAZI TROOPS BOARD THE BARGE.. BUT **AMERICOMMANDO** IS NOT THERE!

FOOLS! DUMKOPFS! HE HAS ESCAPED AGAIN! LOCK THE FAT ONE IN THE CABIN AND LEAVE A GUARD! THE REST COME WITH ME!

GOOD THING **AMERICOMMANDO** WENT ASHORE! ATESCU IS INDEED A TRAITOR!

BUT AS THE **LITTLE ONE** LEAVES.. A CUNNING GRIN TWISTS HIS EVIL FACE!

AMERICOMMANDO WILL COME BACK TO RESCUE HIS FRIEND! AND WHEN HE DOES....!

MEANWHILE **AMERICOMMANDO** HAS BEEN WATCHING WITH ALERT EYES....

SO IT WAS A TRAP! HMM.. THEY LEFT ONLY ONE GUARD...I MUST WAIT UNTIL IT IS DARK TO RESCUE POPPY!

AND WHEN DARKNESS COMES..

I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM—THEN—THEN POPPY AND I WILL GIVE THE HERR DOKTOR A SURPRISE!

THIS'LL DAMPEN YOUR SPIRITS!

OWOO!

AN EASY LOCK TO OPEN... STRANGE THAT DR. ITO SHOULD BE SO CARELESS WITH HIS PRISONERS!

POPPY! I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A MINUTE!

BUT SUDDENLY...

NOT SO FAST! ONE MOVE AND YOU'RE A DEAD MAN, AMERICOMMANDO!

WHA--!

SO! AMERICOMMANDO! WE MEET AGAIN--AND THIS TIME YOU WILL DIE! NOTHING CAN SAVE YOU! I, DR. ITO, HAVE OUTSMARTED YOU!

IT IS YOUR LITTLE SPY WHO SHOULD GET THE CREDIT! HE GAVE UP HIS LIBERTY TO GAIN A LITTLE SAFETY. IN THE END HE'LL HAVE NEITHER!

HOW DARE YOU SAY THAT! IT WAS MY PLAN THAT LURED YOU HERE!--AH! YOU WISH TO MAKE ME ANGRY SO THAT I WILL KILL YOU AND SAVE YOU FROM THE SLOW DEATH YOU DESERVE!

YOU ARE CLEVER, AMERICOMMANDO! I MUST ADMIT THAT! YOU CAN SAVE YOUR LIFE IF YOU ARE SMART!

I KNOW THAT--BUT WHAT'S THE DIRTY PROPOSITION YOU WANT TO MAKE ME?

BECOME MY ASS'STANT! YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR LIFE IF YOU SERVE ME! WE SHALL GO TO AMERICA AND..

WE DON'T **SELL** OUR LIBERTY! WE **FIGHT** FOR IT! AND YOU JAPANAZIS ARE GOING TO LEARN ABOUT THAT THE HARD WAY!

YOU AMERICAN SWINE! I'LL TEACH YOU MANNERS! I'LL **KILL YOU!**

DON'T COUNT YOUR VICTIMS BEFORE THEY'RE DEAD HERR DOKTOR!

YOU WANT TO **RULE** THE WORLD, DON'T YOU? OKAY I'LL **CROWN** YOU!

HELP! GRAB HIM! THERE ARE ENOUGH OF YOU TO SUBDUE HIM!

THE EVIL **LITTLE ONE'S** WORDS ARE ONLY TOO TRUE! AND SOON

NOW I WILL REVENGE MYSELF! TAKE THEM BOTH TO MY HEADQUARTER'S

OH, OH! THAT WAS OUR LAST CHANCE!

BUT [illegible] HASN'T DESERTED **AMERI-COMMANDO** -AND OUR AWKWARD FRIEND, FOPPY..

CLUMSY FOOL! LOOK OUT FOR THAT **LANTERN!**

CATCH IT! IT'LL START A **FIRE!**

THE LANTERN CRASHES TO THE DECK! INSTANTLY, FLAMING LIQUID SCATTERS THROUGH THE CABIN..

WE MUST RUN! THE EXPLOSIVES ARE UNDER THE FLOOR! WELL ALL DIE!

YOU HYSTERICAL FOOL! YOU SHALL DIE WITH THEM! I HAVE NO FURTHER NEED OF YOU!

THIS WILL SAVE ME THE TROUBLE! THEY SHALL DIE THE DEATH THEY DESERVE! I WILL BE RID OF **AMERICOMMANDO!** AT LAST!

BUT, HERR DOKTOR! IF THE BARGE BLOWS UP HERE, IT WILL SET THE OIL TANKS ON **FIRE!**

I'M NOT SO FOOLISH! I'LL PULL THE BARGE TO THE RIVER! OUT OF THE WAY OF THE TANKS!

VERY CLEVER, DR ITO!

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE FLAMING CABIN AMERICA'S TOUGHEST SOLDIER IS FAR FROM IDLE!

GOT TO HOLD OUT A LITTLE MORE! THE ROPE WILL BURN THROUGH AND-- AH! I'M FREE AT LAST!

WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT FAST! THE DYNAMITE WILL GO UP IN A MINUTE! BUT HOW? THAT AX!

WITH POWERFUL STROKES OF THE AX AMERICOMMANDO CRASHES THROUGH THE WALL OF THE CABIN...

WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME TO WORK IN! NOW TO GO AFTER THAT LITTLE ASSASSIN!

LOOK, WE'RE MOVING AWAY FROM THE OIL TANKS!

I'VE GOT A PLAN, POPPY! YOU GET TO THAT MOTORBOAT..

OKAY! HERE I GO!

OOF! POOR POPPY! HE'S GOING TO HAVE SOME BELLY-ACHE FROM THAT DIVE! WELL HERE I GO!

MADE IT! SO FAR SO GOOD! I DON'T THINK THEY'VE SEEN ME! THIS SMOKE MAKES AN EFFECTIVE SCREEN!

A LITTLE MORE AND...

HIMMEL! HERR DOKTOR! HE HAS ESCAPED OR IT IS HIS GHOST!

YOU'LL SOON KNOW IF I'M A GHOST OR NOT!

I WILL KILL YOU WITH MY BARE HANDS! DIE, YOU DOG!

WHA-ULP!

A THOUSAND CURSES ON YOU! YOU HAVE CROSSED MY PATH FOR THE LAST TIME!

WE'RE FACE TO FACE, ITO! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW FREE MEN FIGHT!

AMERICA'S SUPERBLY TRAINED SOLDIER BRINGS INTO PLAY THE MAGNIFICENT TRAINING HE HAS RECEIVED-AND IT PAYS A BIG DIVIDEND..

YEEE! HELP! I'LL BE SMASHED ON THE ROCKS!

I KNOW JIU-JITSU, TOO!

YOUR CAREER IS OVER, DR. ITO! YOU PLANNED MY DEATH, ONLY TO MEET DEATH YOURSELF!.. NOW TO REVERSE THE ENGINE AND HEAD BACK TOWARD THE OIL STORAGE TANK!

AAAGH!

AND AS THE ENGINE STARTS MOVING BACKWARD..

HURRY AMERICOMMANDO! THE BARGE WILL BLOW UP ANY MINUTE

BOOM

JUST GOT OUT IN TIME!

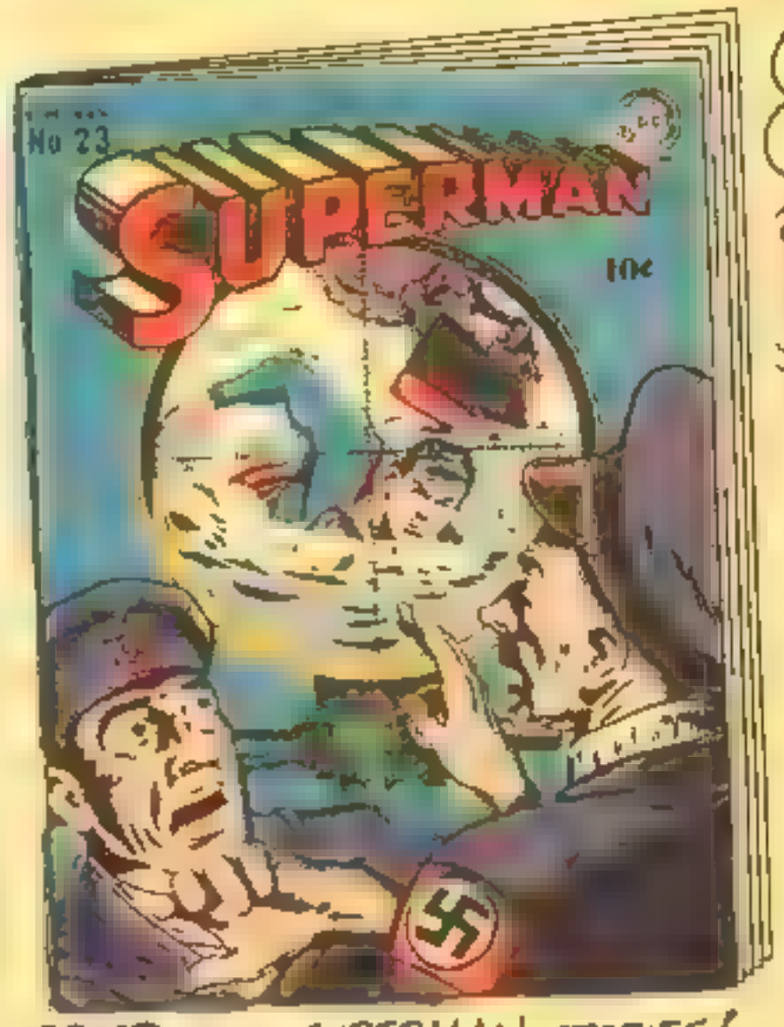
OOH! THE WHOLE PLACE IS BURNING!

THE BARGE WHICH ATESCU USED TO TRAP US BECAME HIS FUNERAL PYRE! IT 'S FITTING, NO?

YES, POPPY! THOSE WHO GIVE UP LIBERTY TO SAVE THEIR SKINS DESERVE NEITHER LIBERTY NOR SAFETY!

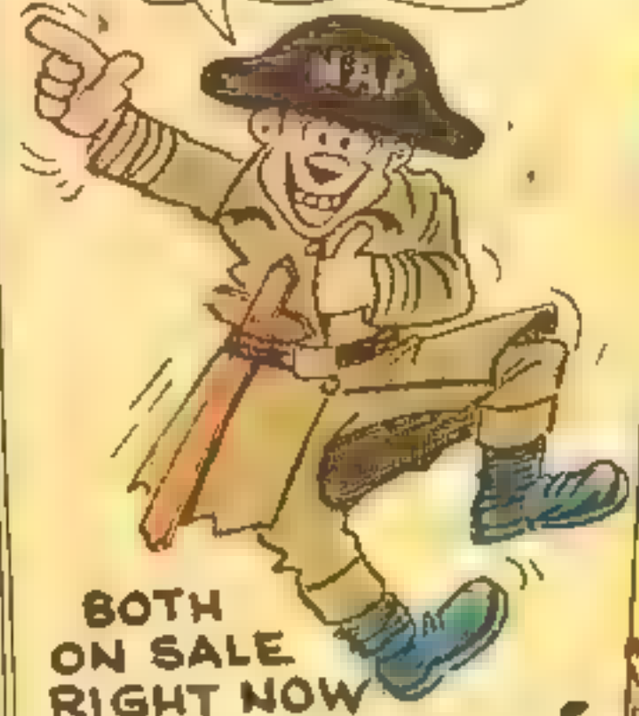
DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUE OF ACTION COMICS IN WHICH THE ROUGHEST, TOUGHEST SOLDIER IN THE WORLD STRIKES ANOTHER BLOW FOR FREEDOM!

BUY WAR STAMPS & BONDS!

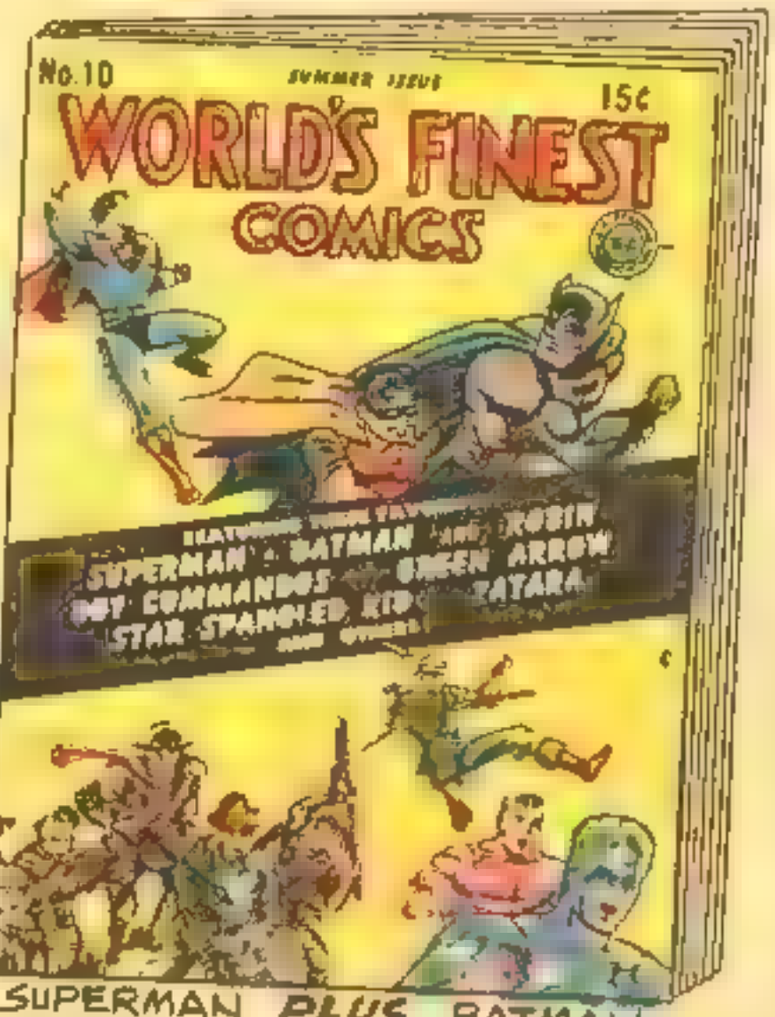


FOUR BIG SUPERMAN STORIES!

ANYBODY WHO DOESN'T GET THESE TWO TERRIFIC MAGAZINES IS CA-RAZY!



BOTH ON SALE RIGHT NOW AT ALL STANDS!



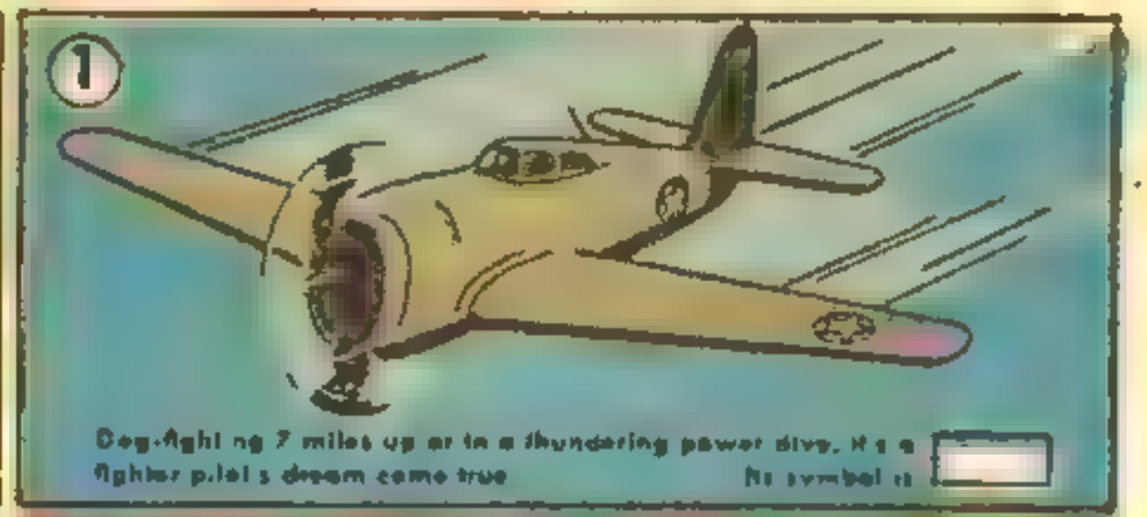
SUPERMAN PLUS BATMAN PLUS BOY COMMANDOS!

LAFFS

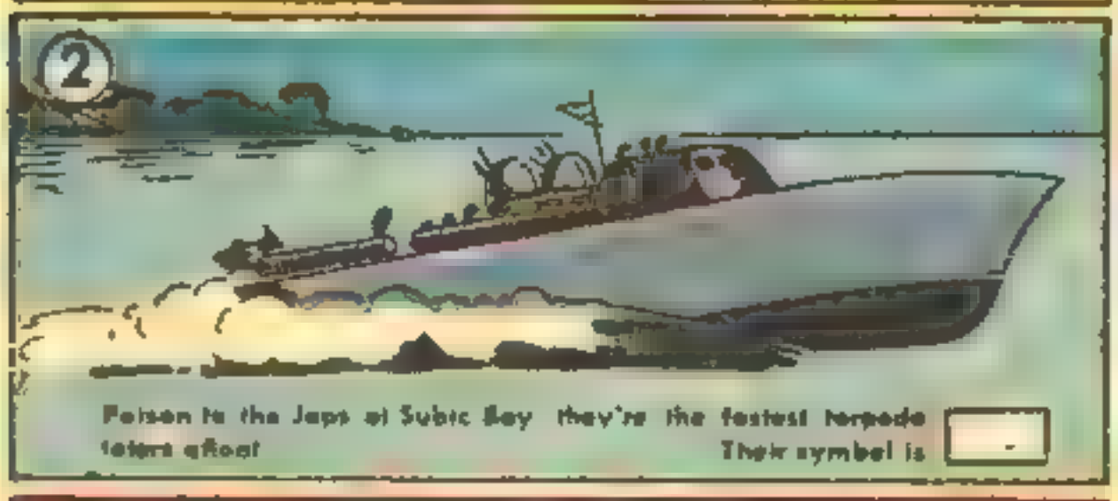
HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW OUR WAR WEAPONS?

See how many of these famous symbols you can write in the blank spaces under the pictures

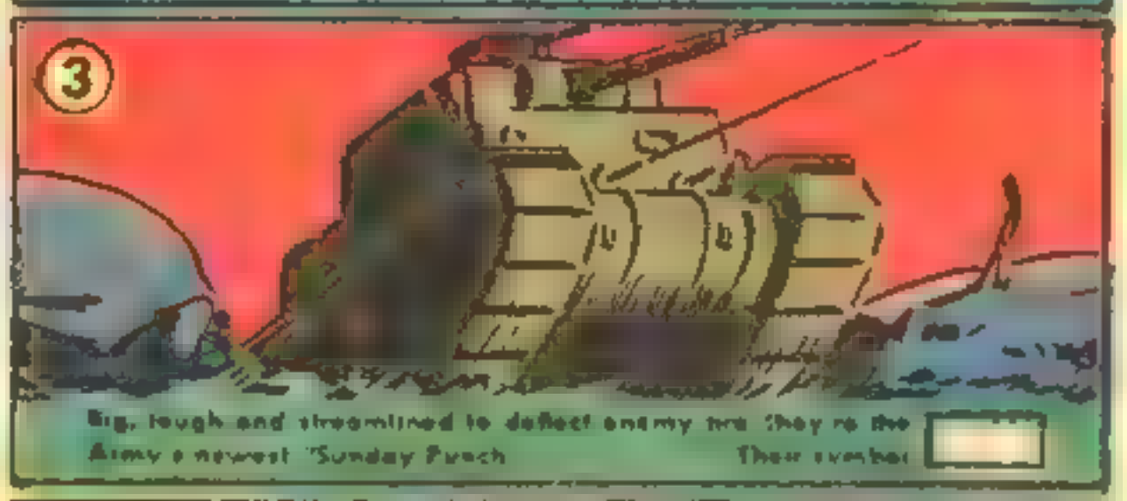
M-31 PBY PT M-4 P-47



Dog-fighting 7 miles up or in a thundering power dive, it's a fighter pilot's dream come true. His symbol is ____



Poison to the Japs at Subic Bay, they're the fastest torpedo fatters afloat. Their symbol is ____



Big, tough and streamlined to deflect enemy fire, they're the Army's newest "Sunday Punch." Their symbol ____

"Eyes of the Navy," they patrol vast ocean stretches, guard our shores, scout the enemy's fleet. Their symbol is ____

ANSWERS
1 — P-47
2 — PT
3 — M-4
4 — PBY
5 — M-31

MORROW COASTER BRAKE. They fight with our Bicycle Troops and with our Parachute Troops. Their symbol is ____

The 31 ball bearings in the MORROW Coaster Brake give the longest coasting, easiest pedaling ride you ever had.

THE INVISIBLE CREW
Bendix
ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION

CONGO BILL

FAMED FOR HIS EXPLOITS IN STEAMY JUNGLES AND DESOLATE TROPIC WASTES, CONGO BILL TAKES TO THE ICY REGIONS OF THE NORTH, WHERE OUR ENEMIES HAVE GAINED A TOEHOLD! BUT THE JAPS SPEEDILY DISCOVER THEY ARE NO MATCH FOR THE WITS AND DEATH-DEFYING COURAGE OF TWO MEN AND A G.R.L. IN ... "ISLAND OF PERIL!"

NORTH OF ALASKA, ON A TINY ISLAND IN THE BEAUFORT SEA, A MAN OF DARING CLIMBS FROM THE COCKPIT OF A CRIPPLED PLANE — CONGO BILL! FOR DAYS NOW, THE FAMED GLOBE-TROTTER HAS BEEN MAKING AN AERIAL SURVEY, CARRYING ON FEARLESSLY DESPITE SLEET AND ZERO CEILINGS BUT NOW HIS WINGS HAVE PICKED UP ICE, AND ...

MAYBE I WAS A SAP TO LISTEN TO THOSE ESKIMO RUMORS ABOUT JAP LANDINGS IN THESE SEAS. THE CLIMATE 'ROUND HERE IS PRETTY NIPPY FOR NIPS!

HOLY SMOKES! A CASTAWAY!

HELLO, FELLA! NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE AN AVIATOR HERE!

I'M DAVE JENKINS, AN ESKIMO TRADER. BEEN CRUISING AROUND IN A *LUGGAGE-CANOE, BUT A SUBMERGED FLOE RIPPED THE BOTTOM OUT FROM UNDER ME! LOST ALL MY SUPPLIES!

MISTER, YOU SURE GAVE ME A START.. I SEE YOU'VE FOUND SOME SORT OF SHELTER...WHAT KIND OF A PLACE IS IT?

INSIDE THE "SHELTER"..

A BIT DRAFTY, BUT THIS IS WHERE I'VE BEEN SLEEPING, BILL! DESERTED, SO FAR AS I KNOW...

WHY, YOU'VE GOT A REGULAR PRIVATE ARSENAL HERE!

NOT SO PRIVATE!... A STACCATO CLATTER SUDDENLY COMES FROM THE BEACH!

GUNFIRE! THIS PLACE ISN'T AS DESERTED AS YOU THOUGHT!

LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE DOESN'T LIKE OUR PRESENCE HERE, BILL!

BANG!

BANG!

AN UNLOOKED-FOR LANDING PARTY CHARGES FORWARD...

FORWARD!--AMERICAN MARINES MAY HAVE TAKEN OVER THE ARSENAL IN OUR ABSENCE!

HONORABLE OFFICER IS PROBABLY CORRECT! WE SHOULD HAVE POSTED SENTRIES!

THE JAPS STORM THE STOCKADE!

HOLD YOUR FIRE, TOGO! SHOT MIGHT KILL HONORABLE OFFICER!

THIS WILL DRUM UP TRADE FOR YOUR DENTIST!

BUT THE FIGHT IS SOON OVER...

THEY MUST HAVE SPOTTED MY PLANE FROM THE AIR! LOOKS LIKE YOU STUMBLED ON A JAP SUPPLY-BASE, DAVE.

IF I DIDN'T KNOW IT BEFORE, I KNOW IT NOW! WHAT'LL WE DO, BILL? WE COULD HANDLE FOUR, BUT SUPPOSIN' MORE COME?

*LUGGAGE-CANOES ARE MADE OF SEALSKIN STRETCHED ON A WHALEBONE FRAME.

IN SECRET CODE, CONGO BILL TAPS OUT A CALL FOR HELP TO THE U.S. NAVAL AIR ARM...

VERY OBLIGING OF THESE JAPS TO HAVE A RADIO-TRANSMITTER HANDY! I'M SIGNALING OUR ICY CAPE AIRFIELD!

ANY ASSISTANCE FROM ICY CAPE WILL BE **WARMLY** WELCOMED, BILL!!

BUT ON A JAPANESE SCOUT-VESSEL IN THE VICINITY...

COMMANDER SAKI NOT, SEND THIS MESSAGE! SOMETHING WRONG AT GLOA ISLAND! OUR CODE-EXPERTS GET MEAT FROM THIS NUT QUICK!

MEANWHILE... NEW VISTORS LAND ON THE BEACH, HARPOONS AND SPEARS FLASHING IN THE SUNLIGHT...

THEY'RE NOT SURE IF WE'RE FRIENDS OR ENEMIES! YOU KNOW THESE ESKIMOS, DAVE. SPEAK TO THEM!

YELLOW-DEVIL THUNDER-BIRDS COME... SPOIL OUR HUNTING! WE MUST DRIVE THEM OUT-- GET OUR ISLAND BACK!

BUT LOOK, FATHER! THEY ARE WHITE!

--SO YOU SEE, UGLO-- YOUR ENEMIES ARE **OUR** ENEMIES! WE MAY BE ATTACKED BY THEM AT ANY MOMENT. WE MUST STAND TOGETHER!

WHITE TRADER, YOUR TONGUE SPEAKS TRUTH! MY PEOPLE WILL HELP!

GOOD WORK, LADS! NOW BRING THAT MACHINE GUN OVER HERE---

WONDER WHAT'S IN THIS CASE..?

WELL, I'LL BE JIGGERED!-- DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS, DAVE?! MATERIAL FOR A **PAPER** ARMY! HEARD ABOUT SUCH THINGS, BUT NEVER THOUGHT---

GOSH!-- CAMOUFLAGE STUFF!-- FOLDING-SOLDIERS, PAINT-- PLENTY OF EVERYTHING!

3

EDITOR'S NOTE: CAMOUFLAGE OF THIS KIND HAS BEEN USED BY THE RUSSIANS-- DUMMY SOLDIERS, ANIMATED BY STRINGS, HAVE LURED NAZIS INTO DISCLOSING HIDDEN ENEMY POSITIONS.

STUDIED ART WHEN I WAS KNEE-HIGH TO A GRASS-HOPPER, DAVE. I'LL JUST TURN THIS JAPANESE RAT INTO A FIRST-CLASS AMERICAN FIGHTING MARINE!

LATER -- THE BRAVE LITTLE GARRISON HAS BEEN STRANGELY ***RE-INFORCED!***

WE COMMAND QUITE A TROOP, DON'T WE, DAVE?!

YEAH -- ON PAPER! WONDER IF IT'LL WORK--?

SLOWLY DUSK CREEPS OVER THE ISLAND, CASTING PURPLE SHADOWS. AND SOON -- A MORE SINISTER SHADOW MOVES THROUGH THE COLD, GRAY SEA...

THE TREACHEROUS TINFISH SURFACES -- AND SWIFTLY, A BEACHHEAD IS ESTABLISHED ON THE MOONLIT SANDS...

CHARGE, SOLDIERS! WHAT HAVE YOU TO LIVE FOR?

FROM WITHIN THE STOCKADE COMES THE DEFIANT CHATTER OF A MACHINE GUN! THE BATTLE IS ON!

WHAM!

ULKUP!

STAY BACK, GIRLIE! THEY'RE COMING UP FAST!

BUT I WANT TO HELP, TOO, BILL!

WE'LL BE WIPED OUT -- IF OUR TRICK DOESN'T FOOL THEM!

STRAIGHT UP TO THE GALLANT FORTRESS CHARGE THE FRENZIED JAPS -- BEFORE THE ROPPING EYES BEHOLD -- THE **FULL** "STRENGTH" OF THEIR FOE!

THEY ARE A THOUSAND STRONG, HONORABLE COMMANDER! -- AND THEY DO NOT DIE!

THEY MUST BE MARINES!

THEY ARE TOO MANY FOR US! WE MUST RETREAT!

OUR ENEMIES ARE NOT HONORABLE! THEY REFUSE TO DIE!

THE RUSE HAS SUCCEEDED!

BUT LATER--A CHAGRINED SUBMARINE-COMMANDER VOWS VENGEANCE ---

WE WILL WAIT TILL DAWN AND SHELL THEM WITH OUR GUNS! THEN IT WILL BE **THEIR** TURN TO LOSE FACE!

--UNAWARE THAT A DARING ADVENTURER, PLYING BONE-TIPPED PADDLE, IS ABROAD ON THE DARK WATERS ---

I HOPE THE MOON STAYS OUT OF SIGHT TILL I'VE UNLOADED THIS FLOATING PINE-APPLE! WOULDN'T DO TO BE SEEN...

SUDDENLY, THE MOON BREAKS FROM A CLOUD AND BATHES BILL IN ITS PERILOUS GLARE!

HONORABLE GENTLEMAN PLEASE TO REACH FOR HEAVEN!

THAT MOON OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF ITSELF!-- HOW AM I GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS ONE?

IF I MAKE A MOVE, THEY SHOOT ME! IF I DON'T-- THE TIDE IS ALREADY CHANGING, A SLIGHT LURCH TO STARBOARD WILL BRING THAT MINE SMACK AGAINST THE HULL, AND I'LL BE BLOWN UP ALONG WITH THEM!

BUT LOOK!-- WHAT FIGURES ARE THESE, ADVANCING STEALTHILY ACROSS THE SUBMARINE'S DECK?

AIIEE! WHITE DEVILS!!!!

LIKE A TIGER, CONGO BILL SPRINGS!

THIS SPELLS "ROUGH ON RATS!"

UU-FFF!

GA-GA!

AND THE MYSTERIOUS RESCUERS REVEAL THEMSELVES!

WE BRING FLAT SOLDIERS TO FOOL YELLOW DEVILS!

YOU CERTAINLY FOOLED 'EM! AND SAVED MY NECK!

CONGO BILL SUDDENLY REMEMBERS SOMETHING IMPORTANT!

HOLY SMOKE! THAT PINEAPPLE! WE'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE FAST!

COME BACK! COME BACK OR WE FIRE!

WHAT SHALL WE DO, BILL?

KEEP PADDLING! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF RANGE OF SOMETHING WORSE THAN BULLETS!

THE TIDE HAS TURNED! ANY SECOND NOW--!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, BILL?

WAIT AND SEE! WHITE MAN NO FOOL!

THE "RISING SUN"---

..SETS!!!

EARLY NEXT MORNING AMERICAN "THUNDER BIRDS" SWEEP LOW OVER THE ISLAND--AND SOON---

PICKED UP YOUR MESSAGE, BILL! NICE, QUIET LITTLE ISLAND YOU HAVE HERE!

YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN IT LAST NIGHT! DAVE, THIS IS COMMANDER GRAYSON OF THE NAVAL AIR ARM!

TROUBLE WAS, SIR, THE JAPS PICKED UP BILL'S MESSAGE, TOO!

WE'LL NEVER FORGET YOU, CONGO BILL!

NEITHER WILL THE JAPS!

HAPPY LANDINGS, CONGO BILL! SEE YOU AGAIN, SOMEWHERE ON THIS ROUND GLOBE OF OURS, IN THE COMING ISSUE OF **ACTION COMICS**

OH BOY! FIREWORKS AGAIN THIS YEAR. ★

Big assortment worth $7.20 for only $3.69. Buy from America's oldest, dependable company. If really interested send 5 cents in stamps, to cover cost of postage and handling and get our beautiful illustrated catalog. Supply of catalogs is limited. Act Now!

★ ★ ★ ★

SPENCER FIREWORKS CO.
17 Main St., Polk, Ohio

MURDER IN THE DARK

by Will Holmes

IT WAS six weeks now since Joe Buno had escaped from prison. Police of three states had their dragnets out for him but the wily Buno, termed the most dangerous killer of the Prohibition era, had managed to elude them.

Now, Joe Buno sat in his hotel room, alone and unafraid. They never would have caught him in the first place if one of the mob hadn't squealed to D. A. Mason.

"Mason!" Buno's lips curled as he uttered the hated name. Judge Mason now, one of the leading jurists in the State. Oh, Buno knew everything about him: how the Judge was a pillar of society, a leading figure in defense activities, a sportsman and churchgoer. In short, everything Joe Buno was not.

Smart, too, was Judge Mason. But not as smart as Joe Buno, who had sworn he'd crash out of jail and a life term some day long enough to kill Mason, whose searing evidence at the trial had done such damage.

Buno smiled to himself as he looked at the clown's costume he had hired. Tonight, he would wear it to the big benefit party at the Mason estate. In itself, the costume was a disguise, one Buno didn't need.

The skill of a plastic surgeon had proved more than equal to the police. Buno had gone all the way to Mexico to see this surgeon whose license had been revoked. It had cost a fabulous sum, but now that it was over, Joe Buno was a new man. That is, his face was the face of a stranger, but the heart was still Joe Buno's. It was yellow and it contained murder.

For a week now, Buno, with his new face, had been following Judge Mason's activities. True, he could have hidden many times in the bushes leading to the Mason estate and shot his mortal enemy. That, however, did not constitute revenge in Buno's mind. His enemy must *know* that Joe Buno was paying off.

When the newspapers announced that tickets were to be sold for the mammoth bazaar and benefit at the Mason place, Joe Buno knew that the time had come. Carefully, he laid out his plan of action. Many were the nights and hours when, unnoticed, he prowled the Mason estate. He knew exactly what he would do.

In back of the place ran a river. After committing the murder, Buno planned to swim the river, get rid of his clown costume, and make off in the car which he would hide in a sheltered place close to the water.

Everything was arranged to a nicety, including the pretext that would enable Buno to get the Judge alone. Buno, dressing in his clown costume, looked at the small black box on the dressing table. The first two layers contained a stamp collection he had spent two precious days in New York amassing. Beneath the layer was the gun with the special silencer. Joe Buno did not intend to use a knife; he had always lived by the gun. "And now," he told himself, "Mason's going to die by it."

All the pent-up fury of his maniacal mind seethed within him as he rode in a taxi to the Mason home. The rubber clown face he would put on shortly rested in his hand. As the cab passed close by the spot where, earlier, Buno had placed his car, the murderer smiled in satisfaction. He glared at the garrulous cab driver who interrupted his thoughts with:

"Plenty of doings at the Judge's tonight, eh friend? Too bad about the fire works, though. He always liked 'em the Judge did. But you know how it is in wartime. Then the real fireworks start."

"I'm not interested," Buno said qurtly. "And I think cabbies who keep their mind on their driving can handle hacks better."

The cabbie gulped, remained silent.

A line of cars was rolling into the Judge's driveway as they approached. The cabbie threw the car into second. Buno chafed impatiently. "Stop the cab," he said. "I'll get out and walk." He thrust a bill into the hackie's hand.

At the driveway, a good-natured special policeman took Buno's ticket. The latter had adjusted his clown face, a rubber mask that allowed freedom of speech.

Buno said: "Looks like a big crowd tonight."

"You said it," the special officer replied, "and they'd better hurry up and get in. Oh, thanks." He took the tickets of some newcomers, then looked at Buno. "Did you say something?"

"I wondered if you might have seen Judge Mason around?"

"Sure. He's in his library. But he'll be out again soon. I don't think I'd bother him, mister, for a while."

Bruno mentally patted himself on the back. This was great. The Judge alone. He grimaced

at the ticket taker. "Oh, he's busy, eh? Well, I'll see him later."

He sauntered off, still congratulating himself. He wouldn't need alibis, but just in case a slip-up should occur the special officer would remember that the stranger had said he'd wait. It was thinking of little things like this that had made Joe Buno the brains of his mob. That and his quick trigger.

The grounds were crowded with people. Bright, colored lanterns, strung on electric wires, festooned the place. Cries of the society girls acting as concessionaires mingled with the sweet music of a famous band.

The library. It was around the back. There were French windows leading to it. Into Joe Buno's photographic mind leaped the picture. Oddly, he knew every foot of Mason's place. The plans had appeared in a magazine called, "Better Mansions."

Without seeming to hurry, so catlike were his movements, Joe Buno made his way through the crowds and around to the back of the house. Merrymakers patted him on the back and he returned their hellos and their laughter Fun was king this night.

Only Joe Buno knew that murder held the black ace.

At last he was there. Alone. There was no one in back of the house, despite the benches set in front of a beautiful arbor. Later, those same benches would attract romancers. Now, Joe Buno's luck was holding.

He was alone and almost face to face with the man he hated, the man he had sworn to kill.

Judge Mason was telephoning as Joe Buno slipped quietly through the French doors, under his arm the deadly black box. His eyes hardened as he looked at the grayed head of his enemy. Years . . . years . . . until this moment. . . .

And soon Mason would pay.

The phone went down on its cradle.

Buno said: "Judge?"

Judge Mason whirled, startled, his kindly face wreathed in surprise. He smiled. "Yes, I'm sorry, I didn't hear you come in. What can I do for you?"

"I came in through the terrace," Buno said. He was conscious of trying to make his voice friendly. A great effort. He produced the black box, opened it. "I've got something here that might interest you."

The Judge's eyes lightened as he saw the stamps. "So you know my weakness," he said. "What are they?" He smiled, then: "But won't you sit down, Mr . . . Mr? . . ."

"Just a minute, Judge. This collection is precious. Do you mind?" Buno moved cat like to the door, locked it. Then he sat down at the desk, the opened box in front of him.

This was the moment, the one for which he had been waiting a long time. His hand slid beneath the stamps and he said carelessly. "Oh, I forgot to introduce myself, Judge. My name's Buno. Joe Buno!"

Judge Mason stiffened. There was a deadly silence in the room, broken only by the ticking of the small, antique clock on the Judge's desk. From outside came a faint trickle of music.

If Joe Buno had expected Judge Mason to cringe, he was disappointed. The jurist's eyes were unafraid. "So you've come back, Buno," he said. Then he added: "To carry out that threat, I assume?"

Buno's eyes hardened. In his fist was the small revolver, with the special silencer. "You think right, Judge," he said, vindictively. "I could have given it to you a few times these last couple of weeks. But I wanted you to know about it. To know Joe Buno always keeps his word." He stared, puzzled, at the calm face of the Judge. He hadn't expected to find this. By all odds, the man ought to be showing fears, should be sweating and pleading for his life.

And still the man was unafraid.

Joe Buno's hand tightened on the gun as a thought came into his mind. "You needn't think I'm not going to kill you, Mason," he said. "There's not a thing you can do to stop me. You're going to get it—now!"

"Wait!"

Joe Buno's mouth was a misshapen evil thing as he heard the Judge's cry. "So you're yellow, eh Mason? Well, start cringing! You're getting it now." His finger tightened on the trigger, just as a shrill, loud whistle sounded

And then, suddenly, he cried out! The place had gone dark! Joe Buno fired blindly and in the split second of the gun flash saw Judge Mason's hand dart out

A loud roar filled the room as the heavy gun the Judge had taken from the desk went off

Joe Buno screamed, plunged to the floor, his hands clutching his stomach.

Through the French windows came a special officer, flashlight in hand. His eyes widened as he saw Judge Mason standing over the dying murderer. "What . . . what happened, Judge?"

Joe Buno's fast-fading eyes were on the Judge's lips, and dimly he heard him say:

"This is Joe Buno. He tried to kill me. Thank Heavens he came when he did!" The Judge's eyes trained on Buno and he said: "Buno had everything figured out. Except for one thing: He didn't know I had ordered a surprise blackout for tonight!"

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ZATARA
THE MASTER MAGICIAN

by JOSEPH SULMAN

HE BOUGHT MONEY, THIS MAN, AND PAID MORE FOR IT THAN IT WAS WORTH! NO PRICE WAS TOO HIGH TO PAY, IF IT WAS A COIN THAT HE WANTED! A DOLLAR FOR A DIME, FIFTY DOLLARS FOR A HALF DOLLAR! INCREDIBLE? NOT TO MARK GOLDEN, WHO WANTED THAT MONEY SO BADLY HE WAS WILLING TO VENTURE BEYOND THE LAW TO GET IT! BUT WHEN ZATARA DECIDED TO SIT IN ON HIS CURIOUS GAME AND PAY HIM BACK IN HIS OWN COIN, THE MASTER MAGICIAN MANAGED TO DRAW ASIDE THE VEIL OF SECRECY THAT HID THE RIDDLE OF....

"THE MONEY BUYER!"

ON A SIDE STREET IN GOTHAM CITY STANDS A TINY STORE THAT HOLDS ANCIENT ARMOR AND VASES, AND COINS OF MANY FOREIGN LANDS...

BUT WHY IS THE STORE'S OWNER, MARK GOLDEN, LOCKING UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY?..

GOT TO HURRY!

HUH? OH, IT'S JUST A DIME. I'LL LET IT GO...

A WHOLE DIME!

THAT MAN WHO DROPPED THE DIME... DIDN'T HE WANT IT, YOUNGSTER?

NO SIR. HE SAID IT WAS ONLY A DIME. THIS'LL BUY MY MOM SOME SOUP!

THIS DOLLAR WILL BUY A LOT MORE SOUP! GIVE ME THE DIME!

ARE... ARE YOU KIDDIN', MISTER?

WITH FINGERS QUIVERING IN EAGERNESS THE COIN COLLECTOR SCANS HIS PURCHASE...

I KNEW THAT MAN HAD THE DIME! IF IT'S ONLY POSSIBLE THAT THIS IS THE ONE! IT LOOKS TO BE RIGHT... BUT I MUST TEST IT!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, IN HIS SHOP..

IT IS! EXACTLY THE RIGHT WEIGHT! SO FAR, SO GOOD!

MEANWHILE, IN THE TENEMENTS, NOT FAR AWAY...

MOM, HEY MOM...

QUIET, BILLY! DON'T YOU SEE WE HAVE GUESTS?

HELLO, BILLY.. I WANT YOU TO MEET ZATARA. HE'S GOING TO GIVE A BENEFIT SHOW TOMORROW RIGHT IN THIS BLOCK!

LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE BEEN WORKING TO EARN A DOLLAR, YOUNG MAN!

NO, SIR! NOT TODAY! A MAN BOUGHT A DIME FROM ME.. AND PAID ME A WHOLE DOLLAR FOR IT!

BUT WHY SHOULD ANYONE DO THAT?

IT PUZZLED ME, TOO, BUT I WAS SO GLAD TO GET THE DOLLAR, I DIDN'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS!

AS TIME PASSES MARK GOLDEN SEEMS TO BE NEGLECTING HIS BUSINESS MORE AND MORE...

I'LL TAKE THIS GUM, CLERK.

I'LL MAKE CHANGE RIGHT AWAY, SIR!

ICE CREAM SODA 10¢

THAT HALF DOLLAR, YOUNG MAN! I'LL BUY IT FROM YOU... FOR TEN DOLLARS!

OH, YEAH? WHAT'S WRONG WITH IT? MAYBE IT'S MADE OF GOLD OR SOMETHIN'?

NOPE. IT RINGS GOOD! THIS IS JUST AN ORDINARY FIFTY-CENT PIECE!

OF COURSE IT IS! NOW, CAN I HAVE IT? FOR FORTY... LET'S SAY, FIFTY DOLLARS!

HERE Y'ARE, MAC! I AIN'T SO DUMB THAT I'LL REFUSE ALL THAT DOUGH.. NOT FOR NO HALF-A-DOLLAR!

SMART BOY! I JUST WANT IT FOR.. ER... MY COLLECTION!

HALF AN HOUR LATER....

FUNNY THING HAPPENED TODAY MR. WINYONS! A GUY PAID ME HALF A 'C' NOTE FOR FIFTY CENTS!

I'LL MENTION IT IN MY COLUMN, ED! I HEARD THAT A KID SOLD A MAN A DIME FOR A DOLLAR ONLY YESTERDAY!

THAT SAME EVENING, A HARASSED MILLIONAIRE ECCENTRIC READS WINYON'S COLUMN WITH AMAZED, UNBELIEVING EYES...

NO... IT ISN'T POSSIBLE! I... I DARE NOT BELIEVE IT! I'LL HAVE TO GET HELP...

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

IT'S ABOUT THAT MAN PAYING A LOT OF MONEY FOR ALMOST WORTHLESS COINS.. !.. I MUST SEE YOU!

I'LL BE RIGHT OVER MR. CRAWFORD!

REWOLF EB ENALP!*

*TO LEARN WHAT MAGIC WORDS MEAN, READ THEM BACKWARDS!

WITH GAS SO SCARCE THIS IS JUST THE THING!

AS HIS FLIVVER PLANE DROPS TOWARD THE JUNGLE, DRAWDOC'S HOME THE MAJOR SPIES A SHADOW MOVING ACROSS THE LAWN.

LOOKS AS THOUGH I JUST IN TIME BECAUSE SOMEONE ELSE IS ABOUT TO PAY DRAWDOWL A VISIT!

SKCIRB NEPO ROOD!

COME ON IN ZATARA!

I'M SORRY I'M NOTHING WELL TO SEE YOU!

I'M ... IN THE ... ENTERING YOUR HOUSE ... TIME A CHAIR AND SEE WHO ... IS!

I'LL MAKE YOU EAT YOUR WORDS! EB LLAMS!

SILENCE HANGS LIKE A BLANKET OVER THE BIG LIBRARY ROOM AS FOOTFALLS ARE HUSHED ON A DEEP CARPET!

HE HAS THAT PENNY SOMEWHERE AND IT'S UP TO ME TO FIND IT! A LITTLE CHLOROFORM...AND I CAN SEARCH UNMOLESTED!

WHAT'S AROUND HIS ANKLE ...?

WHO WHAT HAPPENED?

PHEEW!

MUTTERS WILL YA?

OWWW! MY ANKLE!

I MUST BE SICK! I'M HAVING HALLUCINATIONS! I'D HAVE SWORN HE SHRANK TO DOLL'S SIZE!

IF HE'S ASLEEP I'LL BE SAFE ENOUGH TO SEARCH FOR THAT PENNY

OOOH!

OWWTCH!

IF IT WASN'T FOR THAT PENNY.. I'D

SIT DOWN! WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH A PENNY? WHY HAVE YOU COME HERE?

ULLP!

RIAHC TES MIH NO TEEF!

TAKE ME TO HIM

AS THE SEEMINGLY UNRESISTING GOLDEN PASSES THROUGH THE DOOR, HIS HAND CLOSES CONVULSIVELY OVER A BAG OF COINS...

I'LL TEACH THIS FOOL NOT TO MEDDLE IN MY AFFAIRS!

I-I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH!

HE WON'T BE SO TOUGH, ONCE HE FINDS HIMSELF BEHIND BARS...

WHIRLING, MARK GOLDEN BRINGS THE HEAVY SACK DOWN ACROSS THE MAGICIAN'S FACE...

BUY YOURSELF A LITTLE FIRST AID WITH WHAT'S IN HERE!

OHHH!

THE MAGICIAN REELS AND MARK GOLDEN BEATS A QUICK RETREAT...

HE..HE GOT AWAY! AND..THAT PENNY OF MINE IS...IS AS MUCH IN DANGER AS EVER!

THAT SAME EVENING...

I MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU WHAT'S BEHIND ALL THIS! I SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU BEFORE..BUT IT'S BEEN MY FEAR OF.. OF ROBBERY!

YOU MEAN YOU KNOW WHAT'S BEHIND GOLDEN'S BUYING SPREE? HIS REASON FOR BUYING THOSE COINS?

YES! HE'S AFTER MY MONEY..BUT HE CAN'T GET IT *UNTIL HE GETS THOSE COINS!*

MEANWHILE, MARK GOLDEN SLINKS FROM ONE SALOON TO ANOTHER, SEEKING HELP FROM THE UNDERWORLD...

THEY LOOK LIKE TOUGH ENOUGH CHARACTERS! MAYBE THEY'LL HELP ME OUT!

I'LL PAY YOU EACH A HUNDRED DOLLARS ..AND WHATEVER ELSE YOU CAN STEAL ..TO HELP ME ROB A MAN!

OH, YEAH? WHAT ARE *YOU* AFTER, WISE GUY?

I WANT A PENNY, THAT'S ALL!

THE GUY'S NUTS!

YEAH, BUT HIS DOUGH AIN'T! LET'S GO!

THEY WON'T EXPECT ME BACK SO SOON!

BOY, THIS PLACE LOOKS LIKE GOOD PICKIN'S!

UPSTAIRS...

ALL MY LIFE I'VE DREADED OLD AGE! THERE'S NOTHING I COULD DO ABOUT IT EXCEPT MAKE SURE I WOULDN'T BE POOR WHEN I GREW OLD! I COULDN'T STAND THAT!

BANKS HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO FAIL. I DIDN'T FEEL SECURE WITH THEM! AND YET THEY WERE SAFER THAN KEEPING MY MONEY AT HOME! FINALLY I HIT ON A SOLUTION..I WOULD PUT ONE MILLION DOLLARS IN A SAFE ESPECIALLY MADE FOR ME!

THAT SAFE IS HIDDEN IN A SECRET ROOM BEHIND THIS FIREPLACE..

YOU CERTAINLY WENT TO A LOT OF TROUBLE!

SEE THOSE ROUND NICHES IN THE TOP OF THE SAFE? THEY WERE SHAPED TO FIT ONE PARTICULAR PENNY, NICKEL, DIME, AND SO ON!

I SEE. THE SPRING MECHANISM OF THE SAFE IS SO ARRANGED THAT ONLY CERTAIN COINS WOULD OPEN IT! AND YOU POSSESSED THOSE COINS!

EXACTLY! BUT WHEN I WAS TEMPTED ONCE TO OPEN THE SAFE, I DECIDED TO HAVE THE COINS GIVEN AWAY, SO NEITHER I NOR ANYONE ELSE COULD OPEN IT WITHOUT A COMPLICATED WRECKING OPERATION!

NOW SOMEONE HAS DISCOVERED YOUR SECRET! HE NEEDS THE COINS, HOWEVER...

I HAD ALL THOSE COINS GIVEN AWAY EXCEPT A PENNY..TO MAKE SURE NO ONE WOULD EVER FIND THEM! BUT SOMEONE HAS!

THAT'S WHY HE SPENT SO MUCH MONEY ON THE COINS.. TO STEAL A MILLION DOLLARS...

LISTEN!

OWW.. MY FOOT!

QUIET, YOU FOOL! YOU'LL BRING THE COPS DOWN ON US!

AND THEN AS ZATARA GESTURES HYPNOTICALLY, THINGS BEGIN TO HAPPEN...

GUR LLOR DRAWROF!

OBOY! I'M A WAVE LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO ROAR!

WHA...

HEY, WHAT GOES?

OOF!

SLUMBER ON, MY LITTLE GYPSY SWEETHEART!

UGGGH!

LAMP ME, CHUM!

OOOO!!

ZATARA! I THOUGHT HE WAS OUT OF HERE BY NOW... OH!

CRUNCH!

BUT HOW DID YOU EVER TRACE THOSE COINS?

THE MAN WHO BUILT THE SAFE FOR CRAWFORD WAS MY BROTHER! HE WAS SUPPOSED TO GIVE THE COINS AWAY, BUT HE DIDN'T! MAYBE HE THOUGHT HE'D OPEN THE SAFE HIMSELF SOMEDAY. BUT HE KEPT PUTTING IT OFF! JUST BEFORE HE DIED, HE INSTRUCTED ME TO GET RID OF THE COINS! INSTEAD, I KEPT THEM!

THE OTHER DAY I GAVE OUT THE DIME AND FIFTY-CENT PIECE IN CHANGE FROM MY STORE, BY MISTAKE! I GOT THE DIME BACK IN A HURRY, BUT I HAD TROUBLE TRACKING DOWN THE HALF-DOLLAR.. THEN WINYONS WROTE AN ARTICLE ABOUT IT.. AND WARNED CRAWFORD!

A FEW HOURS LATER, AFTER GOLDEN AND HIS THUGS HAVE BEEN TAKEN OFF TO JAIL..

I'M ACTING ON YOUR ADVICE, ZATARA! I'M TAKING ALL MY MONEY OUT OF THE SAFE TO BUY WAR BONDS!

THE END...

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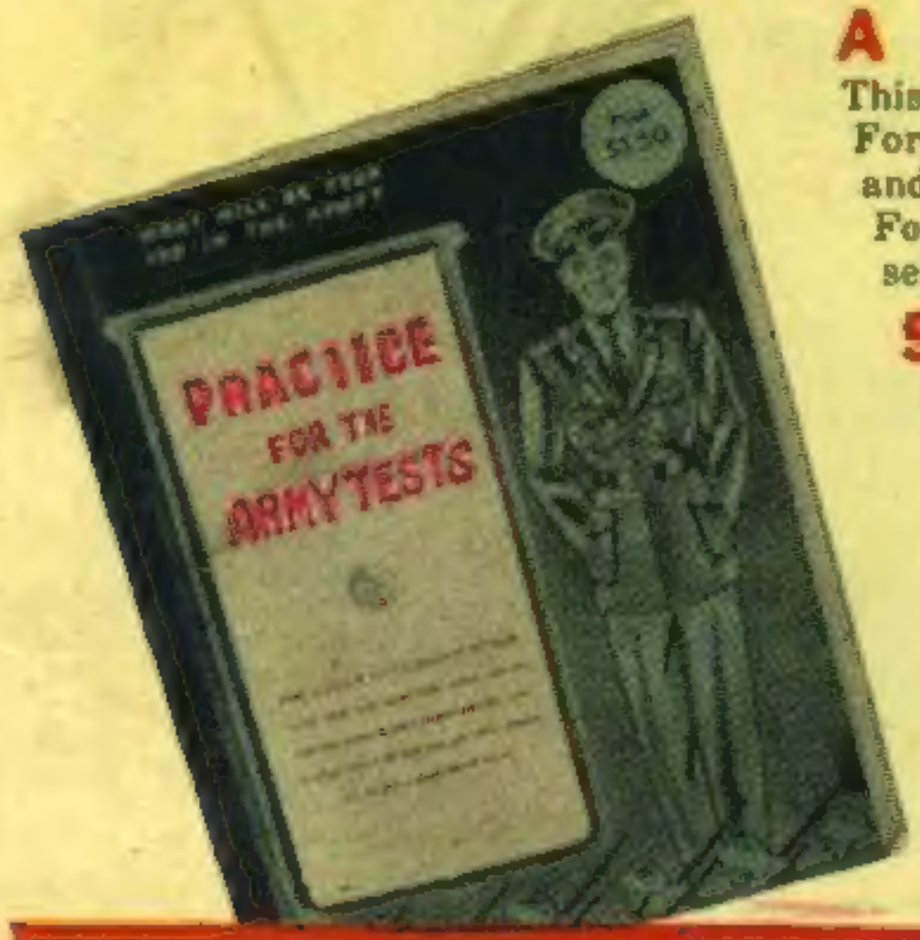

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